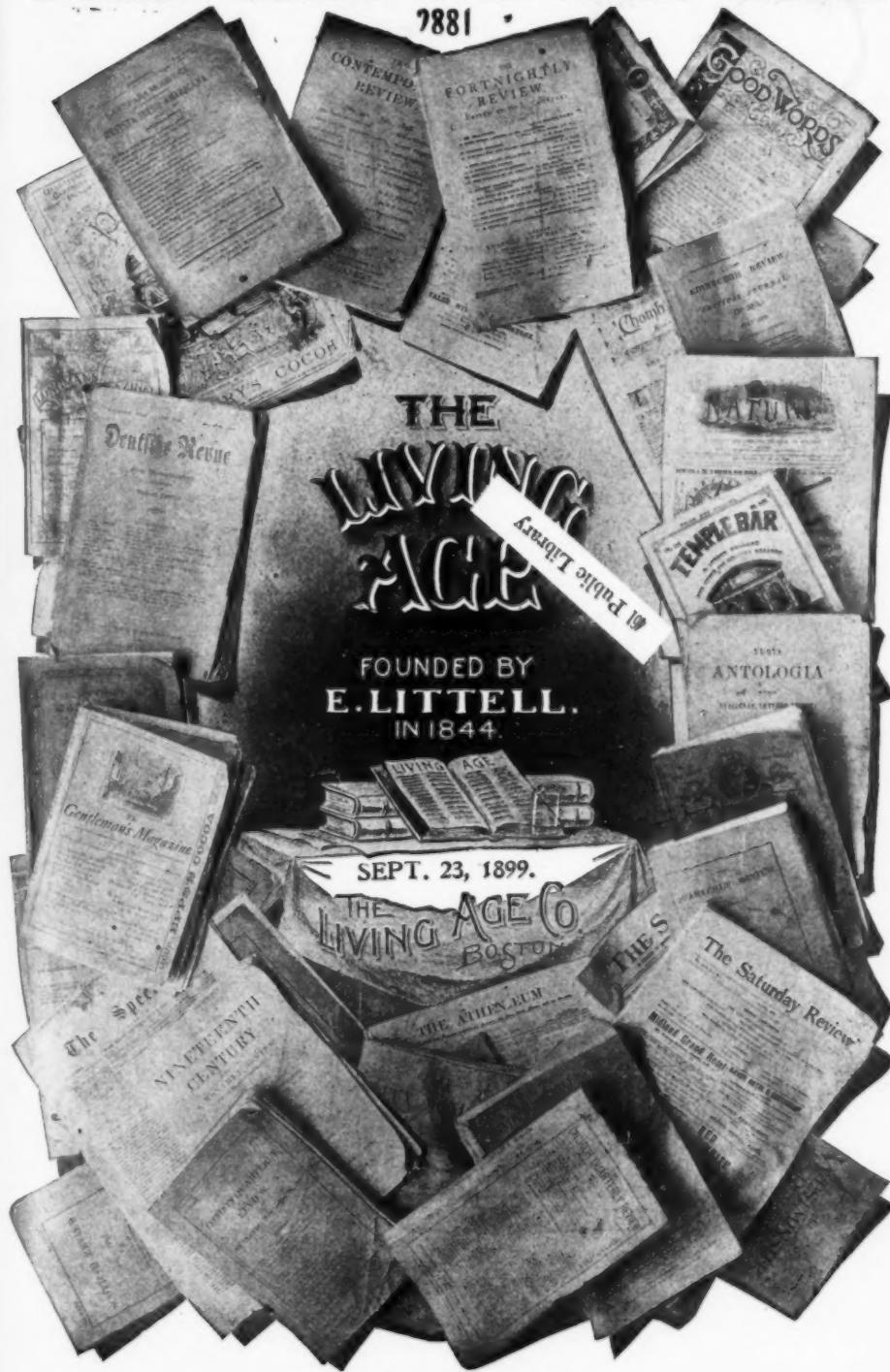


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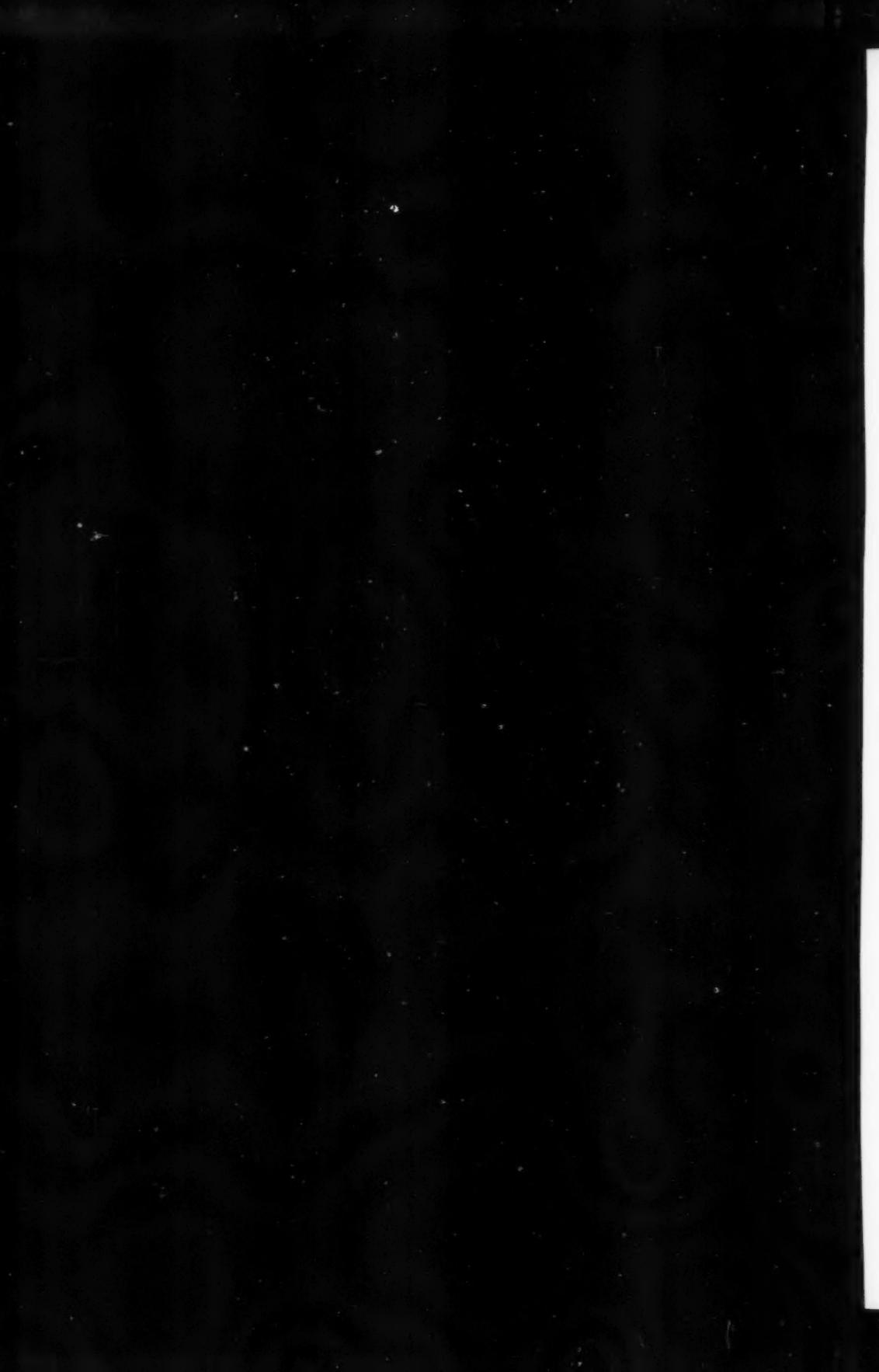
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Seventh Series,
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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXXII.

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A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

There is a story that Roger Bacon once invented a Talking Head, which after a time chattered so incessantly and senselessly that in a fit of anger he broke it up. I do not suggest any application of this fable to the Talking Congress of Ladies which took place in Jul last, but I think it may have involuntarily entered the heads of some listeners, with the wish perhaps that the extreme remedy taken by Roger Bacon—but, as Mr. Kipling would say in his earlier manner, this is another story. Whether or no the Talking Head was secretly pleased with its own chatter I know not, but it is surely not unfair to assume that the Women's Congress was pleased and gratified at its own performance; and, far from carrying out the historical parallel, is already arranging to hold another Congress at Berlin next year! Now it is not to be expected that a year will effect any radical change in methods and views, and it therefore seems justifiable, in the midst of the eulogy and triumph which are sounding on every side, for the critic to raise an inquiry as to the value of a Conference consisting of an overwhelming preponderance of women, which modestly undertakes within the space of ten days to discuss the principal problems affecting the human race. The

radical defect of such a Conference, which included a heterogeneous mass of opinions, will be discerned at a glance, when it is understood that theories of a most startling nature, practically overthrowing present social conditions, were propounded from a purely feminine standpoint, and subjected in many instances to no sort of criticism or correction, each woman speaking her own words—sense in some instances, crotchets, crude ideas and philosophical nonsense in others—and giving her own suffrage to what seemed best in her own eyes, without any reference to what had gone before or was to come five minutes later. There may be discussions which confuse the human mind, throw it out of its bearings, and even for a time impede it in the employment of means for the ascertaining of conclusions and principles, without which the social fabric largely built up through the sound work of old-fashioned women now slumbering in churchyards, cannot exist; and if we examine in detail much of what was said at this Congress, we cannot, I think, if we are reasoning beings, accustomed to weighing arguments, escape from the conviction that the majority of discussions were of this futile kind, characterized by wild notions, cast about not by enthusiastic

young men, who have naturally and properly a rooted distrust of the fixed order of things, but by mature women.

The first impression which a person habituated to reducing, or to endeavoring to reduce, his ideas into some sort of unity derived from this Conference was its complete and fatal want of any central principles, without which all discussions are as idle as a lever without a fulcrum. I do not mean that we must demand a unity of opinion or even of conclusion, but that surely there are certain propositions and facts which either are or are not—they cannot be both; and the single value in this interchange of contradictory theories is to emphasize the truths underlying them which are important and essential, and bring them into relationship and unity. If any person found himself able to discover the fundamental principles (and by fundamental principles I do not mean the feminist bias exhibited by a large number of the speakers) of the Congress, he was more fortunate than the writer of these lines. You went into one section and heard that "Home-making" was the most beautiful and noble of functions for women, expounded, it must be admitted, in charming but wholly vague and meaningless language; you heard five minutes later in the same section the singular statement that in the homes of the future (as arranged by female American orators), "thanks to evolution, household duties would be no more a part of a woman's concern than they would be a man's. The woman, like the man, would be set free from household duties for higher things." You went into one room and you heard how women had been kept down by men for centuries, not allowed to "develop" themselves or "express" themselves, had been "veiled and sleeping" according to one imaginative lady; and you went into another room and heard of the

wonderful achievements of women in literature since the days of Sappho. You were frequently told as one of the strongest arguments for the admission of women into public life, of their altruism and their disinterestedness and self-sacrifice; and you had papers sketching the ideal family life of the future when the wife was to be paid for every service rendered to her husband and child; and a series of practical maxims from an experienced lady journalist who maintained that women reporters wishing to be successful must pursue their work upon the same "high plane" as the male reporter, who had no fine ideas of elevating his illiterate public. These instances might be multiplied to any degree, and they will suffice to show the irreconcilable standpoint of the members of the Congress. Indeed, it was difficult to free oneself from the belief, that the single point of agreement seemed to be in the universal satisfaction felt that women may now take part in the struggle for existence and fight and starve on precisely the same conditions as men!

[What exactly the emancipated woman understands by her generalizations upon a sex which has included such variations of type as St. Paul and Horace and Napoleon Bonaparte would be interesting to learn, and might, perhaps, be as definitive as the generalizations made about a "dumb downtrodden" sex which contained a Cleopatra, a Joan of Arc, a St. Theresa of Spain, and Catharine the Great. And a little accurate historical knowledge would perhaps restrain speakers from witticisms of a kind that are always popular with audiences of women, and especially so at Women's Congresses, as, for instance, that in "primitive ages the women did the work while men did the killing."]

It may be argued that while the effect of the Congress might have been confusing and contradictory, nevertheless

less it could hardly fail to have produced many valuable and practical suggestions in those special departments over which women have control. Let me examine the sections which were concerned with subjects of which I know something from study and experience, viz., the Domestic Servants, Journalism and Wage-earning (this latter I shall only consider so far as it touches the middle-class woman, standing in a different position from the industrial worker, whose wages and work require an expert knowledge of economics I do not profess to have). Now what practical suggestions were offered to those of us who had eagerly hastened to the "scientific" treatment of domestic servants, hoping to find in the collective wisdom of women the solution of the problem with which the individual woman householder is struggling all over this country? The panacea offered to us by the first speaker was the Day Servant. What a chill must have fallen upon the soul of the housewife of small means, as she listened to this scheme, or rather airy set of suggestions, for how the thing was to be accomplished the speaker did not explain! The wages of a girl who has to find her own sleeping accommodation must be at least 5s. weekly added to present wages (for most every house, however small, has a servant's bedroom which can be assigned without extra cost to her employer), and how this could be achieved by the average middle-class householder in the present high state of wages, had clearly not caused the reader of the paper an instant's consideration. Then see the unworkableness of the scheme in a general form, the difficulty of insuring punctual attendance, and the impossibility of ensuring cleanly sanitary lodgings, to which the servant girl could return at night.

Then followed another lady who explained the general conditions of

things which we all knew too sadly from experience; and another, who advocated the establishment of housewifery schools (which exist, if only ladies would go to them), so that the mistress might see how household work should be done—a perfectly sensible proposal, of course—and also learn how to "administer the needful reproof with tact." After this valuable item of education, which shows a refreshing hopefulness of human nature, a most interesting paper, having, however, no sort of connection with domestic service, followed on "People's Kitchens in Germany;" then a pretty and graceful paper of a poetic and visionary nature, suggesting that there should be two classes of workers: those to do the rough work, who evidently were to be servants; and refined ladies, who might otherwise be High School teachers, who would carry out the decorative, ornamental part of domestic service and "render loving service." Probably this pretty idea was intended, not for a rough world as it is, but as it would be if society were constructed on the scheme of "Unitary Homes" the details of which were expounded by the next speaker, with no faith in fathers and mothers, but much in committees, who, as well as the rest of the world, were to live in "Associated Homes," where, so far as I could gather—but I do not profess to know precisely what the lady was talking about—things would be arranged after the style of Plato's Republic. This was the last paper, and I appeal to experienced housewives to decide whether in these pearls of wisdom they can find one grain of common sense or practical help.

Not a single speaker had the courage or insight to point out where the root of the servant tangle is to be found. Servants hate and despise domestic work, not, as one lady pointed out, because their fathers, brothers and lov-

ers look down upon household duties, but because better educated women do, and show they do, by their writing and speech and actions: until they cease to do so, until the present divorce between the service of mistresses and servants ceases, so long will the present problem remain unsolved. All our teaching to-day—it permeated the Congress from beginning to end—is to deride the homely, sacred, and dignified labor a woman pursues on her own hearth, around which the sweetest and most sacred memories of the best men and women have ever been hallowed; and why the servant should be expected to do work which her mistress regards as contemptible and degrading, with any feeling of its utility and beauty, it is difficult to see. Perhaps the servant has her own ideas of what she would prefer to be doing: she would prefer to be bicycling, or reading some of Mr. Mudie's novels, or examining the shop windows, or making calls; and it seems strange that the maid should be expected to show all the good sense (for the work must be done somehow) and conscientiousness, and sense of duty, which are not expected in her mistress, according to modern gospel. Then, again, I was struck by the fact that the radical defects of most households, and the causes of much of the servants' endless labor and overwork, were never so much as referred to. I mean the necessity for a time-table ensuring orderly routine, instead of the slovenly muddle that is usual; and the building of houses which save the domestic's time and labor and strength, instead of wasting them by planting a coal cellar underneath the basement; by the existence of kitchen ranges with their senseless flues, and other similar stupid contrivances for giving trouble. I think it must be admitted that the Women's Congress has not done much to elucidate the Domestic Servant difficulty, one of the few ques-

tions which lie wholly within the province and control of women, and with which iniquitous men have little or nothing to do.

Let us now examine another section, the ethics of Wage-earning, which included a useful and concise account of the experiment, successfully working in Melbourne, of a minimum wage for various trades, read by Mr. Sidney Webb, and another brief contribution, also by a man, on the "Living Wage." The "Unpaid Services of the Housewife" were dealt with by two ladies, one of whom I will not criticise, as an imperfect knowledge of the English language may have been responsible for her want of intelligibility and coherence. The other calls for a word of comment; for the position taken up by the speaker, in which she contends that the wife should be paid in cash for her services, seems to me as illogical as it is repugnant to all the fine and delicate sentiment which should enshrine marriage. After drawing an eloquent picture of the large army of "middle-class martyrs" who are "dependent upon the doles of their husband," the speaker said:—

Take the average young couples of the middle class. Angelina wants a new rug: Edwin prefers to plant cabbages: or the baby isn't well and Angelina wants the doctor, while Edwin thinks it a foolish expenditure, and is willing to lay ten to one it's only teething. And so it goes on till Angelina begins dimly to realize the important part played by her own little income in saving the situation, and enabling her to remain the devoted wife she always was to her beloved Edwin before those little matters of the doctor and the cabbages ever came crowding in between. But unless we suppose Angelina to have independent means, would the sequel be the same? Unless Edwin were an exceptional character, he would fall to see Angelina's side; the cabbages would be planted, the floor and its mistress would wait (perhaps indefinitely) for their rug, the doctor would not be sent

for, and, yes, it is even possible that the baby might die.

With the view of preventing this catastrophe, which it is to be hoped, notwithstanding the speaker's pessimism, is somewhat unusual in ordinary English middle-class homes, also with the object of rendering the "economic position" of wives and daughters more attractive, the lady suggested that there should be legislation compelling niggardly men of the order described above to pay their wives and daughters for their services; the wife, for instance, "to receive at marriage a contract bestowing upon her a certain allowance to be based upon a reasonable proportion of her husband's future income." What it is meant that this allowance should cover I cannot understand. It cannot mean simply personal needs; for in this case the baby would die just as surely as under the old régime, unless the marriage contract specified that the wife was to pay the doctor's and chemist's bills out of her private means. But I maintain that under present conditions, speaking generally, the wife *is* paid: the husband feeds and clothes and shelters her, and allows her the control of a certain part of his income for house-keeping and her personal expenses. How much better off would the wife be if these latter were rigidly fixed at marriage? One supposes that the man would have some voice in the settlement of the amount; and if he were "mean and niggardly" he would not only exercise these qualities in this settlement, but be protected by law henceforth from increasing the amount, whatever the circumstances. How would the arrangement work in the case of extravagant or careless women who find themselves habitually unable to keep within the income assigned to them? But let us look at another aspect of this question. Supposing the

husband in addition to feeding and clothing and sheltering his wife, were compelled by law to pay for her services, would he be able to compel her to perform them?—if not, why not? In the present state of the law a man must maintain his wife; but there is no legal measure of which I know that can be enforced to oblige a wife to look after her home in a proper and competent manner. She can hire an incompetent servant who is unable to cook, she can leave her children to a nurse-girl whilst she is shopping or sitting on parish councils; and Edwin, who is toiling all day and would like comfort and a well-cooked dinner when he returns, has no remedy: and on each side there is ordinarily compromise and indulgence, for happily, at present at least, the cash relationship which is here and elsewhere suggested is not the one that prevails with wives and husbands. You can no more logically pay a wife for her services than you can pay the husband for being the wage-earner, and unless the most sacred of relations, those of wife and husband and parents and children, are to be converted into a stock-jobbing transaction, we had better not talk of the "payment" of the services rendered to each other for their mutual benefit and happiness. Yet this vulgar sordid idea, that a woman's services in this world are of no consequence or happiness to her unless she is paid for them in cash, is gaining ground, and shows itself frankly in the utterance of another speaker, a popular American platform orator, whose astonishing paper, nothing less than a complete social revolution, was taken with perfect complacency by the immense audience, mainly of women, to whom she gaily and glibly expounded her theories.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's remedy for the grievances of the married woman is "economic independence."

Here again, as no explanation was offered of this expression, I cannot pretend to accurately define its meaning; but, if it means anything at all, it must mean, in this sense, the earning of wages for labor performed. But in what way is this "economic" or any other kind of independence? The woman teacher, clerk, or nurse who is dependent upon her employer for wages is no more "Independent" economically than the wife or daughter who has no means of her own—or, for that matter, than the average man who is in the employ of another and receives wages. In what other sense the clerk or teacher or nurse, or any other kind of woman worker is independent, I am again at a loss to understand. She is as much subject to the will of her employer as regards her wages, hours of work, quality of work, and the rest, as the woman mated to the most tyrannical of husbands. Of this glorious "independence," this permission to be wage-earners, to struggle and starve like men, to spend our best years in an unavailing effort to provide for old age and sickness, we have heard somewhat too much during the last ten years; but till recently it has been persistently preached as the duty of all *unmarried* women. It was reserved for the Women's Congress of 1890 to apply the doctrine to women with homes and families; and we find one speaker expressing the following doctrines amidst cheers. I will quote the speaker's own words in full, because although the plain man of sense, used to the employment of direct and intelligible language, may exclaim impatiently that there are sentences wholly meaningless, yet it is perfectly easy to understand the main drift of the theories and their ultimate end and effects:

She (woman) feels personally the injustice of being paid less than a man for the same work, but that personal injury does not fully convince her that

it is one common to her class, and only to be removed by combination. But while even men, with all their centuries of economic experience behind them, are still so slow to grasp these great principles, we must be patient with the differently reared women, and rather note how wonderfully they have done some things than how naturally they failed to do others. And, above all we should hail her entrance upon economic independence and social relation as being the largest hope for social progress. Her long restriction to solitary and personal labor has been the continual renewal of our narrow, short-sighted self-interest; all men being born of women, and all women, speaking roughly, being confined to narrow individualism. [The meaning of these last statements is beyond my intellect and I can only assume that something necessary for sense and intelligibility has been omitted.]

How can we expect women to rise at once to an organized demand for equal pay, for equal work, when heretofore they have been perforce content with doing all the work of which they were capable for no pay at all? The habit of working alone because one must does not develop far-seeing, self-respecting, co-operative independence. I speak of those women who work at home, unpaid, unrecognized, but still laborers, and who contribute to the world the habit of submissive industry, asking nothing for itself and earning nothing for its neighbors. Their influence direct and transmitted is one strong force in retarding industrial development. How much worse is the influence of that class of women, all too large, who do not work, even for their own families, even for themselves, and who are content to be served by the labor of others, and to contribute nothing of their own to the world's wealth. If they are incapable of any form of labor, they should be placed in asylums where they could be maintained at less expense to those who do work.

And so on till we arrive at the new law laid down with the most positive certainty, that a woman ought to follow her own profession after marriage under precisely the same conditions as a man; that is, practically devote her whole life to it; for you cannot pursue

an arduous profession and at the same time sedulously attend to your home. So that when you strip these statements of their phraseology and get down to the naked gospel, it comes to this—that unless you are performing "work" in this world for which you receive an adequate market wage, you are a disgrace to mankind and ought to be in a lunatic asylum.

You may be a woman with that intense abiding sense of duty which women have constantly shown for the effectual advantage and progress of the race to which they have contributed as largely as men; you may be the center of sweetness and light and tender love; yourself an equable spirit directing and even performing the homeliest duties, unseen by the world, yet not unwanted or valueless; you may be fulfilling one of the highest ends of human existence, that of being a source of happiness to yourself and to those around you; you may be healing, consoling and inspiring; and rendering visible in the eyes of men the beauty and joy of the world; and yet, according to the doctrine of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, you are not fit to live. You are following no profession or occupation, you are receiving no wages, and this, then, is the gospel actually being preached in this era of enlightenment!

Meanwhile, putting aside sentiment, let us consider the affair from the plain practical side. Marriage under present conditions ordinarily means child-bearing; it means, therefore, for two or three months in the year that a woman is incapacitated. How about her profession during this period; and is the husband who will be set free from the obligation of ordinarily maintaining his wife expected to do so at this time or not? But, assuming that the lady speedily returns to her profession, whose business will it be to administer to the needs of the unfortun-

ate infant, while papa and mamma are both abroad attending to their professions? Perhaps the County Council will oblige, and undertake the suckling and rearing of the children, while the maternal parent can pursue her profession untroubled. The County Council will have other functions; for while Mrs. Jones is away sitting on municipal councils, it will be busy settling the question of her dust-bin-refuse with her cook. Why, might one ask, is it noble and intellectual to be educating other people's children, or prescribing for other people's babies, and contemptibly "narrow" and selfish and "personal" to be carrying out the same functions in your own home for your own children? Why is it excellent and praiseworthy to sit upon a vestry board and decide upon the knotty questions of paving and draining (for my part, however, I think energetic ladies had much better be doing this than overthrowing the Constitution and Society), and despicable to concern yourself with these matters in your own house?

Does Mrs. Perkins Stetson affirm that a street full of quiet, orderly sanitary homes directed and controlled by the sense and knowledge of women is of no value to the world, or of any less value to the world than a street occupied by lady doctors and lady lawyers? Does she seriously maintain that the work of the Telegraph girl involves the possession of finer intellectual and moral qualities than those of the most homely housewife who endeavors to master the fine art of housekeeping—an art which calls into play qualities of tact, experience, organization and resource, with which the average woman worker under orders has no concern? I must leave this paper to note that of another speaker, a woman who defended the "pocket-money wages" taken by well-to-do women on the ground that they required the extra

money for travel, luxuries, and the giving of presents; and also because such criticism was not directed to the men who participate in this practice—an odd argument to be used in an assemblage of women and in a debate headed "Ethics!" One statement Miss March Phillips made, I feel bound to refute in the strongest manner. Her assertion that there is plenty of room for the competent skilled worker is misleading and incorrect: there may be room for the heaven-born nurse or exceptionally gifted newspaper writer, it is true; but wherever the average competent worker turns to-day—to teaching, journalism, nursing, and the rest—she finds the field overcrowded with well-equipped applicants.

The limitations of space prevent more than a passing word to the section on Journalism. Here, if anywhere, we hoped for a protest against the silliness, frivolity and vulgarity of the women's journals and women's columns with their tittle-tattle and extravagances in dress and illiteracy of tone. Yet one successful American journalist frankly stated that the women who entered this trade must not attempt to "mould" or elevate or adorn; they must simply enter it as men do, and be the exponents of the ideas of the public. "It will be noted that I am speaking here only of the practical journalism of America, which does not attempt to mould, but is satisfied to be the exponent and the follower of public sentiment. Scores of women have made efforts at the other sort of journalistic enterprise, particularly efforts to educate people up to woman's suffrage, but most papers started for that as well as for other reforms have been flat failures, whether men or women have been in control of them. Devotion to all sorts of reforms is very well in its way, but it brings neither subscribers nor advertisers and it is pretty nearly as fatal

to success in journalism as to success in poetry." [What this means again I cannot explain. Does it mean that the "success" of "Paradise Lost" is due to the capital business capacity of the publishers in securing paying advertisements of soap, candles, etc.?

After drawing a pleasing picture of the life of the woman reporter, "who has no time that can be called her own, and must be out in all sorts of weather, meeting all sorts of people," the speaker puts the last touches upon the suitability of the calling for a lady, by remarking that "she must sink her personality and leave affronts to an editor to avenge." Now note the irony of the position. Here is a purely commercial statement of the functions and methods of the newspaper woman, which have no more idealism or disinterestedness or culture than those of her male rival. But no paper in this Congress which does not assume or express woman's superiority to man is in order; and at the end of this contribution we find the following peculiar sentiments, revealing that in matters of taste, at least, the woman reporter in America has nothing to learn from her male colleague. "In matters involving taste and matters involving conscience, as journalism does, the learning of a Gladstone, the originality of an Edison, the philosophy of a Spencer, may well take lessons from the spirituality of a Frances Willard, or from the delicate, tactful womanhood of a Lady Somerset or a Countess Aberdeen."

Let the average person of sense, to say nothing of the sense of humor, read this nonsense and ask himself whether Women's Congresses are not a lamentable waste of energy and a painful exhibition of ignorance and folly. And a second speaker, after purring about the nice career of journalism for women, had the coolness and ignorance to declare that newspa-

pers owed their lightness of tone to women; before they appeared on the scene papers had been "weighty and dull!" I do not know if the speaker has ever heard tell of one Addison; but, if not, she may be recommended to a course of the "Tatler," where she will learn it is possible to be lively without being vulgar and silly and illiterate.

I do not deny that there were many useful and even admirable contributions to the program of the Congress. The words of the president were set in a high key, and one wonders with how much satisfaction, pleasure and sympathy she can have listened to the reading of a large number of papers. In the Handicrafts section there were some useful practical papers, one specially valuable from Mr. Lethaby: and I think no one can have listened to Mrs. Sidney Webb's admirably and moderately expressed arguments upon restrictions in women's labor—in singular contrast to the prejudiced views of some other speakers upon this question—without a feeling of gratification in her sense, judgment and expert knowledge. But these admissions do not, I think, in any way affect my unfavorable estimate of the Congress. The general effect of the Congress was misleading and mischievous because it was not representative and impartial; in the professions the experiences of successful women only were given: the life of the average journalist or actress, with its struggles, its sordid anxieties, its overwork and underpay, was never referred to, there being a universal conspiracy to represent woman's wage-earning work as wholly desirable and beneficial. Because also large statements about woman's equality, equal pay, and so forth mean nothing at all unless they are carried to their

logical conclusion, and tested by their practical and permanent effect upon Society. So that to know whether wage-earning is desirable for married working women, we ought to have the joint testimony of working men and women as to whether present experiments in wage-earning of this kind are satisfactory; and to know where the practical difficulties of the servant question lie, we ought to have the views of persons actually concerned—of fathers of the working class, who prefer their daughters going into factories, of servants themselves, and of middle-class householders of small means.

The tendency of such Congresses is to foster an enmity between two sexes who are part of the human race and who, with peculiar qualities and characteristics fitting each for diverse service in the world, have hopes and feelings and aspirations which are common to both, making their interests and happiness interdependent on one another and identical with each other: and any attempt to achieve the welfare of one without regard to the race at large is mischievous. And furthermore, their main tendency to rate the worth and value of a woman's services to the world according to the market rate of wages she earns, to confound the art of living with "earning a living," to exaggerate the importance of a woman's work in activities which are adequately accomplished by men, and to underrate all the simple homely duties which have been dignified and rendered lovely by myriads of noble and cultured women, and instinctively consecrated by the wisdom of generations, is wanting in breadth, insight, and loftiness, and productive of unnecessary confusion and chaos.

Frances H. Low.

THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

It is a relief to turn from the dust and heat of controversy, from the slander, the meanness and the ignorance of religious debates of the hour, to a book like this, with its record of quiet country life and unaffected piety. But the book is more than a mere relief from the atmosphere of "Secret Histories of the Oxford Movement" and Albert Hall gatherings. Its pages not only breathe the scents and music of the country; they are deeply instructive. Miss Yonge has done more than write in her easy and attractive style "the record of a thousand peaceful years" (p. vi) of the history of two Hampshire parishes. She has thrown, we think, valuable sidelights on the great Church Movement of our own country. John Keble, vicar of Hursley and Otterbourne from 1836 to 1866, was the acknowledged founder of the Oxford Movement, and his retired uneventful ministry in his country cure was really a very important factor in that Movement. It suggests lessons which are of real importance to any one who wishes to form a calm judgment as to what manner of men they were who led the van, and what the principles which guided them. We are deeply grateful to the gifted authoress, who, in the evening of her long and useful life, in re-editing, as she tells us in the Preface, an earlier attempt at a history of these parishes by a former curate, has added so much of her own. Her work has all the

charm of simplicity, sympathy, and loving personal reminiscence. Its chief fault is its brevity. Some slight literary blemishes disfigure it¹ which may easily be removed in a later edition; but the matter is gold. A beautiful portrait of Keble from an original drawing, good type and paper, and several interesting photographs, form a worthy setting to a book which ought not to be overlooked in any collection of the literature of the Oxford Movement.

Quite apart, however, from its ecclesiastical interest Miss Yonge's book seems to us to illustrate two important facts. First, it bears witness to that unfeigned love of the country which we firmly believe to have been one of the sources of strength of both the gentry and commons of England. It was this which saved the former, as De Tocqueville has shown us, from ever falling into that fatal isolation from the laboring poor who tilled their estates, which was the ruin of the old French *noblesse* and led directly to the Revolution. We would fain believe that this characteristic of the English landowner still continues. With the poor, however, we fear it has become very different. The thirst for excitement and supposed higher wages is still drawing the rural population to swell our already over-grown cities. Be that, however, as it may, Miss Yonge's book is marked by a careful loving observation of country sights and coun-

* John Keble's Parishes: a History of Hursley and Otterbourne. By Charlotte M. Yonge, an Old Inhabitant. (London, 1896.)

¹ We have noted the following obvious mistakes. On page 4, "Oynegils" for Cynefils. "Dr. Rowth" for Routh (p. 23). On p. 27 Merdon is spoken of as having belonged to the see of Winchester for 1,300 years, in Bishop Gardiner's time! The date of William Yonge's marriage is given on p. 90 as 1622! "St Magdalen College" (p. 163) is hardly a usual designation

of Waynflete's great foundation. Occasionally the grammar is somewhat slipshod: "The vicar of Hursley at this period were John Hynton, &c." We notice, moreover, that there is a little obscurity in the earlier part of the book. It is not quite clear in places of which parish or hamlet the writer is speaking. This may partly be due to the difficulty of re-editing some one else's work, as Miss Yonge has done; partly to her own failure to make clear to others what familiarity has rendered clear to herself.

try folk. Chapter xiv., entitled "A Survey," is a charming description of the scene of the book as it now actually exists. Take, for example, the following little picture, worthy of Richard Jefferies:

Smooth and level, the river is still an unfailing source of enjoyment in the walks along the towing-path, when moorhen are swimming, and dipping on a glimpse of the spectator; when fish are rising, or sometimes taking a sudden "header" into the air and going down with a splash; when the water-vole rushes for his hole with head just above the water; when a blue flash of kingfisher darts by, and the deep-blue or green dragon flies sit on the sedges, or perhaps a tiny May-fly sits on a rail to shake off its last garment, and come forth a snowy-white fairy thing with three long whiskers at its tail (p. 165).

The next chapter contains an interesting collection of country words, phrases, and customs. The following cure for ague would, we should think, be extremely effective: "To be taken to the top of a steep place, then violently pushed down!" The Christmas "mumming," which we are glad to be told is not quite extinct, is well described (pp. 176-181); and it is pleasing to find that Keble himself re-wrote the traditional May Day song for the village children (p. 182).

The book concludes with a chapter on "Natural History," and a list of local birds, plants, and flowers. We found the list of birds peculiarly fascinating, as almost every one mentioned is honored with some few words of comment, sometimes very felicitously expressed.

The second point which is incidentally brought out in Miss Yonge's book is this: careful loving study of the records of country villages however unknown to "fame" they may be, will usually reward the searcher. It is so in the present case. "The writer is

aware," says the Preface, "that there is no incident to tempt the reader—no siege of the one castle, no battle more important than the combat in the hay-field between Mr. Coram and the penurious steward, and, till the last generation, no striking character." But on looking into the history that lies before us we find that there is much that was really worth recording. If Hursley and Otterbourne do not lie on the high road of English history, and never heard the tramp of armies, nor witnessed the gathering of Courts, yet at least some of the pleasant byways pass through them, and they have their connection, even though only a homely one, with some of the great names of the past.

The two parishes lie on the western side of the River Itchen, about five miles south of Winchester, and eight miles north of the sea. The parish of Hursley is the ancient manor of Merdon, granted to the Bishops of Winchester by Cynefilds, the first Christian king of Wessex. It remained in the possession of the see of Winchester until the Reformation, when it was first taken from the great Gardiner, then restored to him at his plea before the bar of the House of Commons; then again taken away in 1550, restored at the accession of Mary, and finally alienated from the see in 1558. Among the residents in Hursley during these troubled times was Thomas Sternhold, who began that version of the Psalter afterwards completed by Hopkins and Wisdom, the attacks on which have been so quaintly described by Fuller.

Some have not sticke to say "that David hath been as much persecuted by bungling translators as by Saul himself." Some have made libellous verses in abuse of them, and no wonder if songs were made on the translators of the Psalms, seeing drunkards made them on David the author thereof. But let these translations be beheld by impartial eyes, and they will

be allowed to go in equipage with the best poems in that age. However, it were to be wished that some bald rhymes therein were bettered; till which time, such as sing them must endeavor to amend them by singing them with understanding heads and gracious hearts, whereby that which is bad metre on earth will be made good music in heaven (p. 29).

It is interesting to note that this favorable judgment of Fuller's was endorsed by the high authority of Keble himself, who held, we are told, Sternhold's version "in much respect for its adherence to the original" (p. 104). The one vivid incident which Miss Yonge mentions in her Preface as breaking the monotonous calm of parish records, is the rebellion (a truly Saxon one!) of the copyholders of the manor of Merton against the victuals provided for them by the lord of the manor, Sir Thomas Clarke, when they were performing the accustomed service of reaping and housing his crops.

"Another time" (says Richard Morley in his manuscript), "upon a hay dobyn-day² (320 or 340 reapers) the cart brought afield for them a hogs-head of porridge, which stunk and had worms swimming in it. The reapers refused to work without better provisions. Mr. Coram of Cranbury would not suffer them to work. Mr. Pye, Sir Thomas Clarke's steward, and Coram drew their daggers and rode at each other through the wheat. At last Lady Clarke promised to dress for them two or three hogs of bacon; twenty nobles' work lost" (p. 34).

"No doubt," adds the authoress, "such stout English resistance saved the days of compulsory labor from becoming a burden intolerable as in France" (p. 35).

But by far the most interesting of the ancient residents at Hursley is Richard Cromwell. He was married at Hursley on May Day (this date must surely have been a Puritan oversight!)

² Explained as a corruption of "haydogtime," and meaning a country-dance.

1649, to Dorothy, daughter and heiress of Richard Maior, a friend of the Protector, and lord of the manor of Merton. Here he lived peacefully with his wife and father-in-law until the Restoration, when he fled to the Continent under an assumed name. He returned to live at Cheshunt in 1700, his son, Oliver, inheriting the Hursley property. On the death of the latter, Richard's two daughters endeavored to wrest the manor from their father, who should have succeeded to it. The case was brought into court, given against the daughters, and Richard Cromwell, "the phantom king of half a year," died peacefully in his possessions in 1712. A few reminiscences of this interesting period still survive: some letters of the great Protector, in one of which he says he is glad that "the young people have leisure to make a journey to eat cherries" (p. 44); the lime-trees round the churchyard, said to have been planted by Richard (p. 51); a village tradition that the Protector sank his treasure in an enchanted iron chest at the bottom of Merton Well, which could only be drawn up if the drawers kept silence (p. 46); and lastly, a hideous monument erected by Richard's undutiful daughters in 1718 before they sold the estate (pp. 49-50).

The adjoining parish of Otterbourne was united to Hursley in the beginning of the fourteenth century by Bishop Pontissara, or Points, of Winchester. The circumstances are interesting, for they illustrate the fact that the present abuses of tithe are largely due to the high-handed proceedings of mediæval prelates. Bishop Points took away the great tithes of Hursley to endow St. Elizabeth's College at Winchester. Then, finding the small tithes insufficient to support the vicar, he united Otterbourne with Hursley. It is needless to add that at the Reformation the great tithes of Hursley did not find their way back to their original pos-

ssor. Otterbourne remained without a resident priest until 1832, and without a vicar until 1875—"Sir William Heathcote having arranged the means of undoing Bishop Pontissara's injustice" (p. 147).

"The Golden Days of Hursley," to use Miss Yonge's beautiful phrase, are associated with three names. Sir William Heathcote came into the Hursley property in 1825; three years before that, William Crawley Yonge, the father of our authoress, had married and settled in Otterbourne; and in 1836 John Keble became vicar of Hursley on the presentation of Sir William Heathcote, two years after he had preached his famous sermon on "National Apostasy." He was already a marked man; for Robert Francis Wilson was told, and the prophecy proved true, when offered the curacy of Hursley, "Now, remember if you become Keble's curate, you will lose all chance of preferment for life" (p. 98). There could hardly be a greater rebuke to the conventional sneer at "squire and parson tyranny" than the plain record of the labors of these three families in Hursley and Otterbourne. The first Sunday-schools, and practically the first week-day schools were established by the Heathcotes at Hursley and the Yonges at Otterbourne. Of the latter place we are told, "The only week-day school was on the hill, kept by a picturesque old dame, whose powers amounted to hindering the children from getting into mischief, but who—with the instinct Mrs. Charles describes—never forgave the advances that disturbed her monopoly" (p. 95). Besides the schools a new church was built at Otterbourne, and consecrated in 1838; a new church at Ampfield, a hamlet of Hursley, in 1841; and Hursley Church was practically rebuilt in 1847-8.

The most interesting of Miss Yonge's reminiscences centre round this work of church-building. Otterbourne had

been made the property of Magdalen College, Oxford, by Bishop Waynflete in 1481. "The venerable Dr. Routh," we are told, "who . . . used yearly to come on progress to the old Manor house, the Moat House, to hold his court, took great interest in the project, and the college gave an excellent site" (pp. 99-100) for the new church. Church-building in those days was almost a forgotten art in England; and a singular charm attaches to those first essays of the Tractarian times in restoring the ancient glories of Catholic architecture. Certain well-marked features, deeply suggestive of the spirit of the workers, mark the new churches of that time, such churches as those of Littlemore; St. Saviour's, Leeds; St. George's, Oxford. Windows of dark and crude, but really devotional stained glass; open pews, where kneeling was a much more comfortable posture than sitting; a general atmosphere of severity, mark them, not as places of Sunday comfort, but as houses of prayer and worship. The men who built these churches,

Where love and terror laid the tiles,

knew little of architecture, but their feelings and sympathies were in accord with those of older days, and their work was true in spirit. Of new Otterbourne Church, we are told, "many of the drawings of the details came from Mr. Yonge, who started with merely the power of military drawing (acquired before he was sixteen years old) and a great admiration for York Cathedral" (p. 100). "For the stonework, Mr. Yonge discovered that the material chiefly used in the cathedral was Caen stone, though the importation had long ceased. He entered into communication with the quarrymen there, sent out a stone mason (Newman) from Winchester, and procured stone for the windows, reredos, and

font, thus opening a traffic that has gone on ever since" (p. 102). The cost of a school in connection with this church was partly defrayed by the profits from "Charlotte Yonge's first book, 'The Château de Melville,' which people were good enough to buy, though it only consisted of French exercises and translations" (p. 103).

Mr. Yonge was also the architect of the second church, at Ampfield. He had profited by the experience gained at Otterbourne, and aimed "at Early English rather than Decorated style" (p. 105). At the consecration of this church were present the Rev. J. H. Newman, with his sister, Mrs. Thomas Mozley, and her husband, and the Rev. Isaac Williams.

The rebuilding of Hursley Church is especially connected with the publication of the "Lyra Innocentum." The children of the Rev. Peter Young (who, it will be remembered, was refused priest's orders for holding the teaching of the Church of England on the Holy Eucharist), and the children of Dr. Moberly, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, had suggested unconsciously many of these truly beautiful poems. "Mr. Keble thought of putting them together for publication, being chiefly impelled to do so by the desire to improve Hursley Church, the eighteenth century arrangements of which really prevented the general inculcation of the more reverent observances which teach and imply doctrine" (p. 109). Lovers of the "Lyra Innocentum" will read with deep interest the few pages in which Miss Yonge has collected memories of the occasions which gave birth to some of these poems:

George Herbert Moberly . . . was unconsciously the cause of the poems "Loneliness" and "Repeating the Creed" for Easter Sunday and Low Sunday. Frightened by unwonted solitude at bedtime, he asked to hear "something true," and was happy

when Mrs. Keble produced the Bible. He was a boy of beautiful countenance, and his reverent, thoughtful look as he repeated the Creed, delighted Mr. Keble (p. 111).

"More Stars" (All Saints' Day) and "Wakefulness" (the Annunciation) are reminiscences of Charles Coleridge Pode, a little nephew of Mr. Yonge, and his ecstatic joy on the first night of being out of doors late enough to see the glory of the stars. A few months later, on a sister being born, he hoped that her name would be Mary, "because he liked the Virgin Mary." And when, only a few days later, his own mother was taken from him, he lay awake and silent, night after night (p. 113).

We pass over the details of the work of rebuilding Hursley Church, which was undertaken entirely at Mr. Keble's expense; but there is one memorable and pathetic incident which occurred during its course that we cannot pass over, the secession of John Henry Newman. Keble was cheered in this central sorrow of a life partly by the innocent subjects of the "Lyra," and partly by the recovery of Mrs. Keble from a dangerous illness:

Words spoken in the immediate prospect of death, by Mrs. Keble, strengthened her husband's faith, and made him more determined to hold fast by the Church of his fathers; and the thankfulness and exhilaration caused by the improvement in her health carried him the better over the first blow, though he went out alone to a quiet, deserted chalk-pit to open the letter which he knew would bring the final news of the reception of his friend into the Roman Church (p. 114).

The period of building was a time of enjoyment to Mr. Keble, for it was symbolical to him of the "edifying" building up of the living stones of the True Church, and the restoring of her waste places. When the workmen were gone home, he used to walk about the open space in the twilight silence, in prayer and meditation . . . The sermon at Evensong on the day of consecration was preached by Mr. Keble himself, in which he spoke of the end of all things; and said the

best fate that could befall that new church was that it should be burnt at the Judgment Day. He thought, probably, of the perils of perversion from the true Catholic principles which the course of affairs in those days made him dread exceedingly, and held himself ready to act like the non-jurors, or the Free Kirk men in Scotland, who had resigned all for the sake of principle. "Nevertheless," he wrote, "I suppose it is one's duty to go on as if all were encouraging" (p. 122-4).

What a touching comment are these simple memories upon the *Prelude* to the "Lyra Innocentum," where the author asks for the prayers of his readers:

Pray that the mist, by sin and shame
Left on his soul, may fleet; that he
A true and timely word may frame
For weary hearts, that ask to see
Their way in our dim twilight hour:
His lips so purged with penance-fire,
That he may guide them, in Christ's
power,
Along the path of their desire;

And with no faint nor erring voice
May to the wanderer whisper,
"Stay,
God chooses for thee, seal His
choice,
Nor from thy Mother's shadow
stray;
For sure thine holy Mother's shade
Rests yet upon thine ancient home;
No voice from Heaven hath clearly
said,
'Let us depart; then fear to roam.'

Pray that the Prayer of Innocents
On earth, of Saints in Heaven
above,
Guard, as of old, our lonely tents;
Till, as one Faith is ours, in Love
We own all Churches, and are own'd.
Pray Him to save, by chastenings
keen.

The harps that hail His Bride en-
throned
From wayward touch of hands un-
clean.

The record of this time of Church history at Hursley is so gracious and pathetic that we have tried to let it tell its own tale. In conclusion, we will try

to gather up the general impressions which we think this book will leave upon those who come to the study of the Oxford Movement with open minds.

In the first place there is to be noted the contrast between *hiddenness* and *secrecy*. The Oxford Movement and its results have been charged, even by bishops, with "secrecy." No charge is more likely to be popular with the vulgar. So indeed it has ever been since the days of the persecutions, when the secret gatherings of Christians begat charges of foul rites and cannibalism. The charge of "secrecy," to the average Englishman of to-day, seems to connote something underhand and unfair, which at once rouses his suspicions. And still more fatal is the accusation when it is cunningly used to arouse the prejudices of the mob, when

The base man, judging of the good,
Puts his own baseness in him by de-
fault
Of will and nature.

But there is a "hiddenness," we will not call it "secrecy," which is characteristic of the realm of the Spirit. It is this of which we read in the Gospel: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." And it is this hiddenness which seems to have been the characteristic of all true religious movements. We mark it abundantly in the origins and the progress of the work of Keble and his successors. He has hinted at it himself in that exquisite verse:

Thine too by right and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
brace,
The love that shines serene;³

or again in the "Christian Year":⁴

³ Hymns, Ancient and Modern, No. 143.

⁴ Third Sunday after Epiphany.

For ever when such grace is given
 It fears in open day to shine,
 Lest the deep stain it owns within
 Break out, and Faith be sham'd by the
 believer's sin.

It was, we believe, this spirit of retirement and inwardness which has led the religious revival of our own days to gather its adherents quietly together in associations of prayer and worship, rather than of noise and self-assertion; which has led them to suffer persecution rather than to seek to inflict it, and which has won and is still winning the Beatitude of the meek.

This spirit of hiddenness is abundantly illustrated in the book before us. We are shown, by one who knew him exactly as he was, John Keble, the brilliant Oxford poet and scholar, "burying himself," as men say it, in a quiet Hampshire village, teaching rustics, and studying little children. What the nature of his pastoral work was has been described by Miss Yonge in one exquisite paragraph:

Throughout the vicar was the personal minister to each individual of his flock—teaching in the school, catechising in the church, most carefully preparing for Confirmation, watching over the homes, and, however otherwise busied, always at the beck and call of every one in the parish. To the old men and women of the workhouse he paid special attention, bringing them little dainties, to brighten their dull minds as a means of reaching their souls, and endeavoring to raise their spirits to higher things. One who had been removed to another Union, when asked how he liked Hursley, said, "It seemed as if they were saying 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' all day long" (p. 140).

There was surely no praise that Keble himself would have desired so much as that. And his hidden, sincere, and thorough work in his country parish was a pattern of the true spirit of the Oxford Movement, nay of Christianity itself, and the earnest of spiritual suc-

cess. One more illustration of this we select from Miss Yonge's record. The font in Hursley Church was given by the Rev. William Butler and Emma, his wife, and the clergy and sisters of Wantage. A Latin inscription is given (p. 116) which was to be carved on the base of the font commemorating (not by name) the donors. This inscription, we read, was "to be entirely hidden," and so "whether the whole was actually cut out on the under side of the granite step must be uncertain." "Which things are an allegory," the names and the ways of the workers are hidden, but their work is the regeneration of the Church of God.

The second general impression which this book leaves on the mind is that from the beginning the Oxford Movement was never, as its opponents assert, an exclusively clerical one. In Miss Yonge's simple story of the revival of Church life in Hursley and Otterbourne the layman is quite as prominent as the priest. We have had occasion already to speak of the work of William Yonge and his family. The noble figure of Sir William Heathcote is well worthy of study. He himself presented John Keble, his old Oxford tutor, to the living of Hursley, and co-operated with the vicar in all his labors. And these laymen were not priest-ridden fools. William Yonge was an old soldier who had fought in the Peninsula and taken part in the final charge at Waterloo. His daughter writes of him with a reserve which has the mark of truth. All that he did

was done in a spirit of thoroughness that never rested till perfection had been attained as far as possible. His own parish of Otterbourne had felt his influence and was noted for good order and improvement. Both Otterbourne and Hursley had land in allotments from at least 1830, long before the arrangement was taken up by Government. Mr. Yonge's strong Churchmanship and deep religious feeling told on

all around, and there was a strong sense of his upright justice as much as his essential kindness (p. 131).'

Sir William Heathcote was a First Class man and Fellow of All Souls'. To him we have the testimony, not only of the authoress: "Few men have earned by a lifetime so much honor, gratitude, and affection as he by one consistent, upright course of life, or have left a nobler memory" (p. 133); or of John Keble, who said, "coming away from a long talk with him, that it was like holding intercourse with some old Christian knight" (p. 129); but also of such men as the late Earl of Carnarvon and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. From the graceful and pathetic "appreciation" of the last we will quote only a few words:

Inflexible integrity, stern sense of duty, stainless honor—these qualities a very slight acquaintance with Sir William Heathcote at once revealed. But he had other great qualities too. He was one of the closest and keenest reasoners I ever knew. He was a man of the soundest and strongest judgment, and yet full of the most perfect candor and full of forbearance and indulgence for other men (p. 129).

It was such men as these who set their mark upon the beginnings of the Oxford Movement, a mark of truth and reality, loftiness of purpose, width of sympathy and logical grasp, which we trust it will never lose. These are not the qualities which appeal always to the narrowness of Puritanism, or Romanism, nor ever to the baseness of a Protestant mob; but they are qualities which last and which conquer.

The end of these men was as lovely as their lives. Of John Keble, who fell

asleep on Maundy Thursday, 1866, Miss Yonge writes:

It was on a beautiful day, with the celandines shining like stars on the bank, that we laid him in his grave, a concourse of sorrowing friends being present, who could look to him as having awakened and cherished their best aspirations, and those who had come under his personal influence feeling that a loved father had been taken away (pp. 143-4).

Sir William Heathcote had the gift of suffering in his youth and the additional gift of poverty in his old age:

The joyous genial days at Hursley Park had passed away, and the days of agricultural depression had set in, causing trouble and anxiety, with alterations met with simple bravery and cheerfulness according with the character that could bear adversity as nobly as prosperity (p. 148). He was taken to his rest on the 17th of August 1881, leaving to all who knew him the precious recollection of emphatically "a just man," serving God in his generation (p. 149).

Since then Hursley and Otterbourne alike have passed into other hands. Miss Yonge, the "Old Inhabitant," as she styles herself, ends her reminiscences with an affectionate survey of the spot as it is to-day. Though much is changed and changing, the birds and flowers and the beauty of the country, in which Keble saw so many "celestial sacraments," still remain. And there still remain the gracious memory, the subtle influence, and the powerful intercession of him to whom the Church of England owes so much. Little or nothing of earthly reward, as men count rewards, she gave him; but

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

DAME FAST AND PETTER NORD.

BY SELMA LAGERLOF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH FOR THE LIVING AGE BY HASKET DERBY.

III.

It is as though I were forced to abandon reality, and to take a flight in the world of legend and of romance in order to be able to relate what now happened. Had young Petter Nord been a Peter the Swineherd with a crown of gold under his hat, all that came to pass would have been simple and natural. But now nobody would believe me if I asserted that Petter Nord wore a royal circlet on his yellow flaxen hair. No one can imagine how many marvellous things transpire in that little town. No one can guess how many enchanted princesses go there and wait for an adventure with a shepherd's boy.

At first it seemed as though no further adventure could occur. For after Petter Nord had been set free by the old burgermeister, and for a second time obliged to fly from the town in shame and disgrace, the very thoughts he had had the first time came over him. The music of the polacca again resounded in his ear, and above all the rest swelled that of the old round dance:

Christmas has come again,
Christmas has come again,
And Easter will soon be past,
And yet that is not so,
And yet that is not so,
For after Christmas we must fast.

And plainly did he see Dame Fast, with her face the color of yellow ivory and with her bundle of twigs in her arms, stealing over the face of the earth. And she cried aloud to him: "Prodigal, prodigal! It was thy desire to keep the feast of vengeance and re-

quital during the fast which is called life. Can such extravagance be brooked, foolish one?"

Thereupon, had he once more sworn obedience to her, and continued on, a quiet and frugal workman. Again he worked in peace and soberness. None could believe that it was he who had stormed with rage, and flung about the little ones in the street, even as the hunted deer shake off the dogs.

But some weeks later Halfvorson came to him at the place where he worked. He had sought for him at his niece's request. She wished, if possible, to talk with him the same day.

Petter Nord began to quiver and shake when he saw Halfvorson. It was as though he had seen a slimy serpent. He knew not what he most desired—to smite him or spring upon him; but he grew aware that Halfvorson's countenance was much troubled.

The storekeeper had the appearance of a man who has been out in very windy weather. The muscles of his face were drawn, his mouth tight shut, his eyes red and filled with tears. He was plainly bearing up under some affliction. The only thing natural about him was his voice. It was as strangely devoid of expression as ever.

"You need feel no concern about the old story, or the new one either," said Halfvorson. "It was known that you were with the fellows who made a disturbance in our town not long since. And as we found out that they came from here, I was able to get hold of you. Edith is going to die very soon," he continued, and his whole visage was convulsed, as though it would go to pieces. "She wishes to speak with you

before she dies. But we will do you no harm."

"I will certainly come," said Petter Nord.

Soon they both were on board the steamer. Petter Nord sat there, rigged out in his fine Sunday clothes. And beneath his hat smiled and sported all his childhood's dreams; a true royal circlet did they wave around his light hair. Edith's message drove him fairly beside himself. Had he not always fancied that fine ladies would fall in love with him? And now there was one of them who was bound to see him before she died. The most wonderful of all wonderful things. And now he sat and thought of her, just as she had been long since. How proud, how full of life! And now she must die. A great sorrow for her came over him. But that she should have kept thinking about him all these years! He felt the pangs of a grief that was at once warm and luminous.

He had really come to himself again, the old, crack-brained Petter Nord. As fast as he neared the little town Dame Fast receded from him, inspiring him with feelings of scorn and disgust.

Halfvorson could not keep still a moment. The cruel stomp that beat in on him alone drove him up and down over the deck. As he passed by Petter he would utter a few words, and thus the latter got a clue to the direction in which his dismal thoughts were wandering.

"They found her on the ground, half dead—with a pool of blood round about her," was what he said one time. And another time: "Was she not good, was she not beautiful? How could things go so badly with her?" And another time: "She made me good, too. I could not see her sit troubled day after day, ruining the account books with her tears." And then followed: "A cunning girl, too. Wormed herself into my favor. Made my home pleasant for

me. Brought me into good society. Knew her ways, but could not withstand her." He wandered way off to the bow of the boat. When he came back again, he said: "I cannot bear to have her die."

And all this he said in that helpless voice, which he was unable to either soften or render expressive. Petter Nord had a proud inspiration that such a man as himself, whose brow was enwreathed with a royal circlet, had no right to bear ill-will towards Halfvorson. For his infirmity separated him from manhood in general, and he was unable to win their love. Hence he was obliged to treat them all as enemies. He should not be measured by the same standard as other men.

But thus Petter Nord once more lapsed into his dreams. It seemed that she had borne him in mind through all these years, and now she was unwilling to die before having had a meeting with him. Oh, to think that a young maiden, throughout all these years, had gone on thinking of him, had loved him, had felt his absence!

As soon as he had landed and reached the merchant's house, he was conducted to Edith, who awaited him in the arbor.

The fortunate Petter Nord needed no awakening out of his dream, when he saw her. She was a beautiful dream maiden, this girl who was running a race with the rootless birches above her, as to who should wither first. Her great eyes had both darkened and cleared. Her hands were so thin and transparent that one feared to touch their spiritualized substance.

And this was she, who loved him. Of course he must instantly proceed to love her back again, strongly, deeply, fiercely! It was bliss indeed, after so many years, to have one's heart warmed at the sight of a fellow-being.

He stood still at the entrance to the arbor, while his eyes, heart, and brain

were all busily engaged. When she saw how he stood and gazed upon her, she began to smile, but it was the most forlorn smile in the world, the smile of the invalid, which says: "See, such was I, but do not count on me! I can remain beautiful and charming no longer. I shall speedily die."

This made him realize things again. He saw that he had not to deal with a vision, but with a soul that was pluming itself for flight, and hence had striven to make the walls of its prison so thin and transparent. His countenance, as well as the manner in which he grasped Edith's hand, plainly expressed his instant sympathy with her suffering, his losing sight of all else in view of his sorrow at her approaching death, all of which caused the invalid to feel the same pity for herself, and tears gathered in her eyes.

Oh, what a bond of sympathy was established between them from the first moment. He had understood at once that she had no desire to show her feelings. Of course it was an agitating thing for her to see him, who had been absent from her so long, but it was her weakness that now caused her to betray herself. She did not of course desire that he should observe it. And so he selected an innocent topic of conversation.

"Do you know what became of my white mice?" said he.

She looked at him in wonder. It was as though he had wished to make things easy for her. "I let them loose in the shop," said she. "They made a good thing of it."

"Aha! Are any of them left?"

"Halfvorson says that he never got rid of Petter Nord's mice. They have revenged you, you see," she said significantly.

"It was a fine breed," replied Petter Nord proudly.

The conversation languished for an hour. Edith closed her eyes, as if she

wished to rest, and he remained respectfully silent. She did not understand his last reply. He had not taken up the thing for the sake of revenge. When he began to talk about the mice she had fancied that he understood what she wished to express to him.

She had been well aware that he had come there a couple of weeks before for the purpose of revenging himself. Poor Petter Nord! Many a time had she wondered how things went with him. Many a night had the frightened lad's cry of anguish resounded in her dreams. It was in part on his account, that she might not go through such another night, that she had striven to improve her uncle, made home a home for him, made the solitary experience the blessing of having a sympathizing friend by his side. Her lot was now again intertwined with that of Petter Nord. His day of vengeance had frightened her to death. As soon as she had gathered strength after the severe attack, she had begged Halfvorson to search him out.

And now Petter Nord sat there and believed that she had called him because she was in love with him. He was not aware that she believed him revengeful, coarse, a castaway, a drunkard and a brawler. He, who was a model for his comrades in the working quarter, could not suspect that she had sent for him in order to urge his return to the paths of virtue and good conduct, to say to him, as a last resort: "Look upon me, Petter Nord! It is your ignorance, your desire for vengeance, that have brought about my death. Think of that, and begin a new life!"

He had come there full of high spirits and dreams of celebrating love's feast, and she lay there and meditated on how she might sink him in the black depths of remorse.

But some of the brilliancy of the royal circlet must have shone in upon her

and caused her to reflect, so that she decided to first question him.

"But, Petter Nord, was it really you who were here with those three dreadful men?"

He reddened and looked down. Afterwards he had to tell her the whole story of the day of vengeance with all its shame. In the first place how cowardly he had acted in delaying to assert himself, and then how he had been beaten and thrashed instead of himself raining down blows. He ventured not to look up while he spoke, he ventured not even to expect that her gentle eyes should regard him with indulgence. He knew how she sat and failed to see him surrounded with that halo which in his dreams she might have attributed to him.

"But, Petter Nord, how would things have gone had you fallen in with Halfvorson?" inquired Edith, after he had finished.

He hung his head yet more. "But I did see him," he said. "He had not gone away. He was at work in his garden, outside the octrol. The boy in the store told me everything."

"Well, why did you not revenge yourself?" said Edith.

Nothing was to be spared him. But he felt her piercing gaze fastened on him, and he began obediently: "When the fellows had gone to sleep on the hillside, I went alone and looked out for Halfvorson, for I wanted him all to myself. He was at work putting in bushes to support a field of peas. There must have been a heavy rain a little while before, for the peas had been driven down on the ground, some of the plants were beaten apart, others half-covered with earth. It was like a hospital, and Hafvorson was the doctor. He raised them so carefully, scratched away the earth and helped the little bunches take hold on the twigs. I stood and looked at him, I did. He never heard me, and he had

no time to look up. I endeavored to curb my wrath. But what was I to do? I could not fall upon him while he was busy with the peas. I should get a chance later on, I thought.

"But then he started up, smote his forehead and rushed over to the hot-bed. There he lifted up one of the slides and looked in, and I peered in, too, for he appeared to be in a state of entire despair. Yes, it was a bad state of things, you see. He had forgotten to screen it from the sun, and it had been horribly hot under the glass. The cucumbers lay there as if half dead, and gasped for breath; some leaves were burnt and others drooping. I myself was so much overcome that I was thoughtless enough to let Halfvorson observe my shadow. 'Listen,' he said, 'take the watering pot, which is standing near the asparagus beds, and run down to the river after water,' said he without looking up. He thought, of course, that it was the gardener. And I jumped, I did."

"Did you, Petter Nord?"

"Yes, indeed, for you see I did not want the cucumbers to suffer because we were enemies. I thought I was rather inconsistent, and the like, but I could not help it. I wanted to see if they would not revive again. When I came back he had taken off the glass windows, and he stood and gazed as though at his wits' end. I shoved the watering-pot into his hands, and he began to pour the water over them. You could almost see how much good it did down in the beds. I seemed to see them straighten themselves up again, and the same thought occurred to him, for he began to laugh. Then I ran off."

"Did you run off, Petter Nord, did you run off?" Edith had raised herself in the easy chair.

Edith became more than ever impressed with the sense of a halo round poor Petter Nord's head. So there was no need of plunging him into the abyss

of penitence with the heavy weight of sin around his neck. To think of his being such a man. Such a soft-hearted man, with so much delicacy of feeling. She sank back, closed her eyes again, and began to think. There was no need of her saying this to him. She was surprised that the idea of failing to give him pain should be so consolatory.

"I am glad that you have given up the thought of revenge, Petter Nord," she began in a friendly tone. "It was just what I wanted to beg of you. Now I can die in peace."

Then he drew a long breath. She was not unfriendly. She did not look as if she were disappointed in him. She might be very fond of him, inasmuch as she was willing to forgive all his cowardice. For when she said that she had called him to bid him abstain from the thought of vengeance, it was probably done out of timidity, in order that she might not have to admit her real reason for calling him. And she was right in this. He was a man, and it was his place to say the first word.

"How can they let you die?" he burst forth. "Halfvorson, and all the rest, how can they do it? If I were here I would refuse to have you die. I should give you all my strength. I would take away all your suffering."

"I do not suffer much," said she, smiling at such bold promises.

"I sit and think that I want to bear you away like a frozen bird, let you cuddle up in my bosom like a young squirrel. What a thing work would be if anything so soft and warm were waiting for one at home! But if you were well, there would of course be so many—"

She gazed upon him in weary wonder, ready to remand him back to his right place. But perchance she saw a trace of the fairy circlet of his dreams round about the boy's head, for she had forbearance with him. He meant noth-

ing. He doubtless had to talk as he did. He was different from other people.

"Ah," she said in a tone of indifference, "not so many, Petter Nord. Scarce any one who was in earnest."

But the thing now again took a turn in his favor. In her breast there suddenly awoke a ravening hunger of the sick for sympathy. She desired the tenderness, the compassion which the poor workman could bestow on her. She craved to remain long within the sphere of that deep, unselfish interest. The sick can never get enough of this. She wanted to read this in his expression and entire being. For words she cared not.

"I am glad to see you here," said she. "Stay another hour, and let me know how you have got along the last six years."

While he spoke she lay and drank in the indescribable impressions she received. She heard and yet she did not hear. But she felt herself strengthened and uplifted by means of a wonderful sympathy.

Meanwhile his story made a distinct impression on her. It introduced her to the workmen's quarter, full of seething hope and strength. How great the desire and faith of those people! How strong their hate and suffering!

"Happy the oppressed," said she.

In the midst of a desire to live, which suddenly overwhelmed her, she bethought herself that that condition might suit her, who had ever been in need of pressure and compulsion in order to find life worth living.

"If I were well," she said, "I might perhaps go there with you. It would be a pleasure to work one's way up together with a person one liked."

Petter Nord gave a start. Here was the confession he had been waiting for all the time. "Oh, can you not live!" he entreated. And he quite beamed with happiness.

She observed him. "That is indeed love," she said to herself. "And now he believes me to be in love, too. Such a crazy fellow, the Vermland boy!"

She was for bringing him to his senses at once, but on that victorious day something had come over Petter Nord that prevented her. She had not the heart to interfere with his joy. She took compassion on his folly, and allowed him to persist in it. "It makes no difference, inasmuch as I am to die so soon," said she to herself.

But immediately afterwards she sent him off, and when he asked if he might not come again, she absolutely forbade him. "But, remember our churchyard up the mountain here, Petter Nord. You may go there in a few weeks and thank the dead for to-day."

When Petter Nord came out of the garden he encountered Halfvorson. He was walking up and down there in desperation, and his only consolation was the thought that Edith was now discharging the vials of wrath on the offender. That he might see him overwhelmed with the pangs of conscience, for that alone had he brought him. But when he met the young workman he saw what Edith had not said everything to him. Serious enough he

looked, but at the same time it was evident that he was absurdly happy.

"Has Edith told you why she has got to die?" said Halfvorson.

"No," replied Petter Nord.

Halfvorson placed his hands on his shoulders, that he might not escape him.

"She will die on account of you, on account of your informal pranks. She was a little ailing before, but that was nothing. No one thought that she would die, but then you came here with those three miserable rascals, and they frightened her while you were in my shop. They frightened her, and she ran away from them, ran so that she got a hemorrhage. But that was what you wanted; you wanted to take your revenge on me by killing her; wanted to make me solitary and unhappy, without a creature about me who cares for me. All my joy would you take from me, all my joy."

He would have continued at length, showered reproaches on Petter Nord, taken his life with curses; but he tore himself away and rushed off as though an earthquake had shaken the town and all the houses had begun to fall together.

(To be concluded.)

"ASPERGES."

A misty veil hangs o'er the distant wold,
In trailing cloud-skirts of fast-falling rain;
While, through the haze that fills the steaming plain,
The turquoise west shines, barred with blazing gold:
O'er the deep purple of the eastern skies,
Where night's weird empire rises dark and dun,
The flaming fingers of the setting sun
Fling a great arch of painted harmonies.

Pall Mall Magazine.

Wilfred Draycott.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

When Napoleon said that reading Madame de Sévigné was like eating snowballs, when Horace Walpole worshipped, as it were, at the shrine of such a grace, softness, and delicacy, when old Mary Montagu characterized the whole correspondence as "always tittle-tattle," and My Lord Chesterfield deigned to admire its "ease, freedom, and friendship," each critic had no doubt a little right on his side, and the truth lies somewhere between them all.

Marie de Rabutin Chantal, who is to this day a religion among all Frenchmen, and is herself French, not only by birth, but by very instinct and quality of her character, is born on a certain day in February, 1626. Her father dies when she is a baby, her mother when she is only seven years old, so that the little creature knows nothing in her own childhood of the maternal affection which she is to turn hereafter into a fine art, and which is to make her a name forever.

Her uncle, Abbé of Coulanges, brings her up in the country quiet of his Priory at Livry. What a fresh breath of spring this gay, soft, quick, bright little French girl must bring into that studious atmosphere of mystic piety and to the grave Jansenist philosophers, my uncle's companions! She has Ménage and Chapelain for her tutors. She learns Latin, Spanish, Italian, and wears the weight of learning now as she wears it all her life, "lightly like a flower." She is only sixteen, with the innocence of that calm life still upon her, when she is presented at the brilliant Court of Anne of Austria and received with a truly Gallic transport and enthusiasm. She has those "yeux bleus qui rêvent en regardant." She

has "cette fleur printanière de teint." She has the sweetest brightness, naturalness, charm. She is so fresh and so gay, so kind, happy, and girlish. All her biographers are in love with her. They would not be French if they could refuse to adore such a divinity. It is only one of them who suggests that she can need anything to complete her perfection—and that the deepening touch of sorrow.

It comes to her—do not all the worst troubles of life come this way?—through herself. She is not yet two years away from her Priory, when she falls quite romantically and absorbingly in love. She has a very-asf-flu cmf but then she has such a pretty wit and such a pretty face that she does not need its superfluous attraction. Monsieur de Sévigné is brave, handsome, a soldier, and at the moment himself delightfully in love. Does any one whisper to Marie his character of "amant volage?" Perhaps. Can't one fancy the charming indignation with which she repudiates such a calumny—and, if the *convenances* permit the lovers a little more intimacy than is permitted French lovers nowadays—her going to him and telling him and listening to him and loving him and believing in him a thousand times more than ever? One may be quite sure that Marie's passion is not the less blind because she is a clever woman. Her uncle, too, approves of the match. Everybody approves of it. The sun shines on it with that cloudless brilliancy that comes before the rain. And they are married.

For a year or two perhaps, Madame—such a girlish Madame—finds, if not the complete realization of her dreams, at least, one hopes, that happiness

which is the perpetual possession of being well-deceived. Monsieur introduces his wife into the Salon of Madame de Rambouillet, and the young pair move in a world lit by such various stars as Bossuet, Molière, Pascal, Corneille, Fénelon, Boileau, Racine, Rochefoucauld, and Bourdaloue. Marie, indeed, who is familiar with the works of Ariosto and Tasso, has tasted Virgil and Homer, and listened from a child to Chrysostom "with his glorious mouth of gold," is no unfit companion for the immortals. Her learning, one may be quite sure, does not make her dull and pedantic. She has the exquisite taste, the perfect tact, the *esprit* and the *spiritualité* which make a cultivated French woman the most delightful woman in the world. If the immortals do not yet recognize a peer, they are all more or less in love with such a charming personality. They write her sonnets and worship her. They take the little, fair, kind hand and kiss it, as it were. Her name is on all lips. It is only the scandals of a scandalous age which contain no mention of her; for the girl-wife looks over the brilliant world at her feet at the husband of whom it is said, "Il aimait partout," and still loves and believes in him.

She is a little bit glad, perhaps, all the same, when he leaves Paris—and temptation—and takes her to Les Rochers, his seat in Brittany. Madame has a taste, most unfashionable, for country sights and sounds. The sombre garden, with its long avenues of old trees and dark hedges of holly and thorn, does not seem dismal to her. She invests the solemn house, with its long silent salons, with the charm she brings everywhere, with gaiety even. Here at least Monsieur is all her own. They are retrenching their expenses, which is just as well, and shows how happy one can be modestly and simply. A tender hope is dawning

in her girlish heart, which finds realization when a little son lies on her breast. A year later, her daughter—"the unique passion of my life," the child more beloved than any child in all history—comes to crown her blessings. One likes to think of her thus—with her husband faithful, or at least not known faithless, with the babies getting more and more wonderful and intelligent every day, with the gardens blooming with summer life, with the world lying fair before her. Her happiness does not last very long. Is it in the nature of such happiness to last? One must be thankful to have even sipped the cup. Monsieur is called to his regiment by the war of the Fronde, and Madame comes back to Paris—to its brilliancy and its dangers, to its lightness, passions, temptations—just as the boy Louis XIV. is entering it in triumph with his mother and Mazarin.

It is in Paris that Madame meets again Bussy Rabutin, her cousin, and that Monsieur falls under the spell—a spell all Madame's girlish charms cannot break—of Ninon de l'Enclos. Count Bussy has made before this the finest protestation of love for Marie, it seems; and has been laughed at a little; so that it is not very wonderful that he now feels it his duty to acquaint her with her husband's unlucky infatuation. She receives the news with not a little dignity. If Bussy hopes she will now lend a more ready ear to his own vows and fervors he must be very much disappointed. In an age when gallantry is the mode, this woman's character is always in the pure air beyond suspicion. There is, indeed, no higher tribute to it than Bussy's own malicious account of his cousin in his "Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules." The defamer can find nothing to defame.

Madame takes Monsieur's madness in silence. Does she suffer greatly? Who knows? She acts at least with a

judgment and sanity that not one woman in a hundred would display in her circumstances; and only leaves Monsieur presently through the urgent advice of her more than father, the Abbé de Coulanges. She takes the children back to *Les Rochers* and is not, one hopes, all unhappy. As she plays with them in the summer gardens, ugly rumors of her husband must, indeed, too often disturb her peace. At length comes the news of another infatuation; of a duel; of a mortal wound; and Madame writes to the man who has wronged her that letter with a cry in it—that letter of “sorrow, despair, and pardon”—and finds herself a widow at five and twenty.

She spends the next three years in retirement with her little son and daughter. They live in the greatest simplicity to repair the fortunes Monsieur has ruined. The Abbé helps Madame a good deal and she stays with him often. She administers the estates of Bourbilly and *Les Rochers* with that shrewd and practical common-sense, which in Frenchwomen, and in very few other women in the world, is compatible with all the most unpractical of graces and charms. And then she reappears at Court.

It is an epoch. She is not yet thirty years old. If she has lost something of the dewy freshness of the girl—only her biographers say that she never loses it, but remains softly young forever—she has gained in wit, in confidence, in sympathy. She has further cultivated her mind in the long solitudes at *Les Rochers*. She has suffered. She has had much to forgive—and has forgiven. There is no trace of bitterness in such a nature. She still loves life and wants to enjoy it. She is ready to begin the world again with the happiest zest. She takes the newest naive delight in the balls and parties. She knows everybody once more and everybody wants to know her. De

Retz, the Duc de Rohan, the Prince de Condé, Montrose (afterwards the Martyr), Madame de la Fayette, are among her friends. If the King for a while looks coldly on her, those great spirits which make the King's Court the most brilliant in Europe can't but do homage to such a cultivated womanly intelligence. Madame bewitches the grave Bishops, very likely, with the exquisite “drollery” which captivates staid Fanny Burney more than a hundred years after. She moves from one great light to another. She always says the right thing—and says it perfectly. She dances—gracefully one may be quite sure as she does everything. She is an amateur actress of not a little ability. She makes the acquaintance of the Arnaulds, the great fathers of Jansenism. She goes to the fashionable sermons in the intervals of the fashionable parties and is moved to the softest emotion by those burning discourses. Conti and great Fouquet (with a crowd of lesser lights long forgotten) are in love with her. Of her own feelings to Fouquet it has been said that she is less than lover and more than friend. She follows his trial at least with a breathless anxiety. She comes to Paris before its close that she may hear the best—or the worst—at once. “*L'espérance m'a trop bien servie*,” she writes at the last minute almost, “*pour l'abandonner*.” Her gentle sanguineness lightens indeed this trouble for her as it lightens all the other bitternesses of her life. If any man again ever touches her heart, that man is Fouquet no doubt. But he has a rival too powerful for him, a rival to whom all Madame's gentle soul has been long given, on whom every hope and desire of her life is fixed—the little daughter growing to womanhood at her side.

It must be a pretty picture when Madame presents “*la plus jolie fille de France*” at the French Court. The

mother has no thoughts but for the child. Her own fascination and beauty are nothing to her. She can't think of anything but of Mademoiselle's loveliness, which is in point of fact exquisitely regular and uninteresting. One cannot find out, indeed, what there is in this girl, with her tepid disposition, her dull, exact little mind, to inspire an affection which in all the history of the human heart has scarcely a parallel. "Au premier moment," writes Mademoiselle herself, with a delightful naïveté, "on me croit adorable et quand on me voit d'avantage on ne m'aime plus." There is, indeed, no reason why one *should* continue to love her. But the maternal passion requires, it seems, very little from its object. Perhaps Madame's heart set itself so upon this child when the husband of her youth betrayed her. It may be so. The date and reason of the origin of that supreme attachment matter after all very little. It has become immortal.

Can't one fancy how fondly and anxiously the mother watches the daughter at those fine fêtes and masquerades? She is not a bit pleased when the great people flock about *her*. Perhaps some of her admirers find out that the way to gain Madame now (Madame is exquisitely human and has hitherto liked flattery and admiration a little on her own account) is to admire her daughter. One does not know when the mother first finds out—or if she ever finds out—that Mademoiselle has judged herself rightly, and that her dull beauty soon bores people, and that, though she attracts admiration, she can't keep it. It is certainly not very long before Madame is wondering over "la bizarrerie du destin," in the difficulty of marrying the prettiest girl in France. Is it because the noble houses are afraid of making an alliance with a family not in too good favor with the omnipotent King (one

must remember Madame's firm friendship with the disgraced Fouquet); or because the mother's gentle sensibilities have been too much attracted by the unpopular Jansenism; or because only of the "tiédeur naturelle" of Mademoiselle's disposition? One may be quite sure that the last is not the reason Madame assigns for her disappointment.

The pair go into the country presently; and then are recalled to Paris by the gorgeous fêtes given to Madame Montespan after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The morality of the age is such that the most careful of mothers would not hesitate to introduce the most innocent of daughters into society which is not questionable, because of its evil manner of life there is no question at all. When the King discovers Mademoiselle's beauty and dances with her, can Madame help being flattered? The admiration is only a pretence, it turns out, to cloak a real passion for the Montespan; and it is not very long before the Court hears one morning that Mademoiselle is to be married to a Comte de Grignan, who is rich, forty years old, and has had two wives already.

It is not a love match to be sure. Has Madame's own experience of love matches been so happy that she could wish her daughter to follow her example? Since one must marry, it seems, or be buried alive in a couvent, the Comte is, everything considered, as good a *parti* as Mademoiselle is likely to get. Most of his relations have obligingly died, says Madame gaily in a letter, which is really most good-natured of them. The Comte is well off. Mademoiselle is quite passive and indifferent. And—and—Madame has every reason to hope that her son-in-law may obtain an influential post at Court and that she may keep her daughter with her in Paris.

It is to the death of that hope that

one owes one of the most famous series of letters ever written.

Madame has been a correspondent of some little repute before this. Her letters to other persons have at least traces of the carefulness which is characteristic of an age when letter writing is a fine art. But in the letters which have made her celebrated forever she has no thought of celebrity. It is the mother talking to the child. It is the intimacy of the fireside—of the most simple and domestic of all affections, "Madame cause."

She writes from "chez Monsieur Rochefoucauld," or from Vichy, where she is taking the waters. She writes night and morning that there may be no post which does not bring a letter from her. Can Madame de Grignan be a hundredth part as eager to hear from her mother as her mother is eager not to miss a single chance of writing? She writes to-day in May time from the garden of Uncle Coulanges at Livry to the music of nightingales; from the "coin du feu" in winter at Les Rochers; from her dearest friend's, Madame de la Fayette. She goes straight to her escritoire (and the "ebony cabinet for pens and paper," which Horace Walpole cherished long after as a memory of the most delightful woman in the world) when she comes home from a Court ball, "at five o'clock in the morning." She is never too tired or too dull to talk a little with that dear daughter. As her easy pen runs over the paper, the distance between them dwindles into nothing. The mother sits again with her fond hand upon the child's—with her fond eyes looking up into the girlish face—"Madame cause."

She writes about everything—and about nothing. About the balls and the comedies at St. Germain; who has asked after Madame de Grignan and has praised her beauty and her disposition. Here is a little criticism of a

modish poet or painter and half a page about Madame de Grignan's health. "Votre maigreur me tue," says the mother, and "Conservez-vous, c'est ma ritournelle continue." She has a charming little Court scandal to tell her daughter the next morning; or an account to give her of La Vallière at the Carmelites. She confesses to her with a most bewitching humility her passion for "les vieux romans." She is "folle de Corneille," she says. She has been to hear a "delicious" sermon (the adjective is perfectly characteristic) of Bourdaloue's this morning, and to Court at night. She has a little argument with her daughter about faith and philosophy—the mother being all for faith, blind, complete, devoted, and the daughter all for independent and reasonable thought. Here she is writing of Madame de Maintenon's unique position—"Il n'y en a jamais eu et il n'y en aura jamais;" or reading St. Augustine "with transport." Now she is laughing softly over the peccadilloes of her scapegrace son; or describing the death-bed of the Princess de Conti. The daughter writes solemn maxims on hope and patience and sends them to her mother, and the mother, who, to the end of her life, is much the younger of the two, writes back to lightly chide the daughter about neglecting her dress and appearance. Of Rochefoucauld's maxims, says Madame, "Il y en a divines;" and also wants Madame de Grignan "to put her nose a little into the Book of the Predestination of Saints." And then, again, she is talking just as she must have talked in life, of nothing, nothing, nothing; of trifles lighter than air; of things that were great then, or great to her, and are less than trifles now, with an immortal name shining here, and just once or twice a priceless glimpse of history—and again nothing, nothing, nothing. "Madame cause."

It is this nothingness which makes Napoleon say with perfect truth that one is no further on when one has read her. But it is also this nothingness which has endeared her to many generations of French people, and by which she still makes her appeal to the heart. Madame writes, in fact, in the "little language" of love. She speaks to her daughter about home and children, the trifles of everyday life—and behold! it is what the simplest mother among her readers might say in substance, though not in form, to her own child. Madame's fears for her daughter's health and safety are only the echoes, after all, of anxieties every human being has felt for some one dear to him. In her partings, one re-lives one's own. The desolation of those good-byes, the hopelessness of the long outlook when they are said, the trembling anticipations of re-union (trembling for fear Fate should be too cruel, and one should meet no more), is there any one so happy—or is it so miserable?—that he has not known these things as she knew them? Does she write of the narrowest coterie only? Does she write pages and pages of the "tittle-tattle" of "a fine lady" or an "old nurse?" Does she write a great deal too fast (her pen has always "le bride sur le cou," she says), as well as much too often, and never re-read what she has written? If she had soared to the finest flights of eloquence, if she had only told what would be valuable to the historian and the biographer, if she had omitted volumes almost of her tender feeling for her child, and put in a fuller account of those great spirits among whom she lived, she would have been a much greater genius and much less beloved. Her sensibilities can't but interfere a little with her wit. A great attachment is not with her, any more than with any other woman, a stimulus to great enterprises. She rests in it and is content.

Her letters have been, indeed, well called the "Book of Repose." It is into the quiet place of the most natural of all the affections, and she leads one through a vicious society and a vicious age, and in the most charming, simple, easy manner imaginable. It is the classic "des portes fermées," which she has written, the classic of that "home" for which the Frenchman has no word and such an infinite devotion. Does her soft delicacy bore one now and then? Do those pages of graceful trifles become occasionally a little monotonous, and the easy writing almost irritating in its dainty perfection? It is to be supposed that at times most readers have felt this. And there come other times when that soft and limpid French, when the charm of the writer's personality, her gentle sprightliness, and above all her one long, fond, supreme affection, make the book into a friend who lives.

How many years does Madame continue writing those letters? Monsieur de Grignan is made Vice-Governor of Provence, and presently Madame has little grandchildren to think about and to love. Her son falls a victim to the charms of the same siren who bewitched his father; and Madame takes his follies with the softest gaiety and nonchalance. He only "amuses and interests" her in fact. She has not room in her heart for a second great passion. She is a little bit vexed with him when he cuts down the timber at Buron; and, when he forms a fleeting attachment for La Champmèle, she speaks gallily of the actress as "ma belle-fille." She must be still more softly amused when "mon fils," having sown so plentiful a crop of wild oats, settles down, marries an heiress, and becomes *dévote* and austere extremely.

In her own later years Madame herself falls more and more under the sway of the quiet fatalism of the mys-

tic Jansenist religion, to which she was first drawn as a girl. She forms a great friendship with Corbinelli. When she is *dévote*, he is mystic. One can't imagine that her devotion can ever prevent her being a charming social power—bright, tactful, and sympathetic to the last hour of her life. When does she find out for certain, or has she been always sure, that she is not exempt from the fate of almost all mothers and has cared for her daughter a thousand times more than her daughter has cared for her? She is seventy years old when she comes to nurse Madame de Grignan through an illness. One is glad to think she is not eating her heart out in a piteous anxiety hundreds of miles away; depending on undependable posts, and waiting—with that cold dread which such a waiting brings—for the worst. Her tender nursing restores her daughter to health. Then she herself catches a virulent smallpox. Could she have chosen, if she might have chosen, a better death than to die in the service and by the side of the child she has so abundantly loved?

The passion for Madame de Sévigné is, at least among the French, a passion for the woman as much as for her works. And indeed one knows no more lovable person.

To think of Madame is to think of a fascination beside which beauty leaves one cold. This is the woman who always knows the happiest thing to do, and does it delightfully. She has brilliancy which never offends other people's dullness; and learning which never makes the stupid feel ignorant. She will sympathize with one divinely over a lost toy or a lost hope. She can't help laughing just where she ought to laugh; and dissolves into the most bewitching and the most natural of tears when dull persons read her their dull tragedies. She is so human too—so exquisitely human that when

the King dances a minuet with her she immediately discovers him to be the best of monarchs and of men. Wouldn't one like to have met her, to have talked with her, to have looked up into that soft, sparkling face, to have been admitted to that kind intimacy, to that impulsive, faithful friendship? There have been greater and better women, no doubt, but in the whole world not one so delightful.

Is Madame profound? By no means. She is light, says one of those biographers who loves her, in all her emotions, save one. She takes her religion even—and she takes a good deal of it—lightly. It affects her sensibilities rather than her soul. She finds, as one has seen, the most awful denunciations of the old preachers "*délicieuses*," life sometimes rather "*désobligeante*," death yet more ill-natured, and ends "*Mais parlons d'autre chose.*" That is her philosophy.

As for the vice of the times, through which her own fair virtue passes unstained, she accepts its existence with the same gracious tact as she accepts the existence of other foolish fashions. Madame only laughs a little at failings, even in her own son, now considered more or less serious. If she is in many respects superior to her age, she has no uncomfortable airs of superiority. When the other women of fashion flock to see the loathsome end of the poisoners, La Voisin and De Brinvilliers, Madame goes too; blithely writes an account of the scene to her daughter and feels, it seems, for all those tender susceptibilities, scarcely a touch of pity.

Neither are her writings the writings of the woman who takes deep views of life. "*L'excès de la négligence étouffe la beauté*," says she. "*La grande amitié n'est jamais tranquille.*" "*Les longues espérances usent la joie comme les longues maladies usent les douleurs.*" She has hardly a profound

er saying. But how many people, after all, have room in their hearts for more than one great feeling at a time? Madame's is, for her child.

To recall her after more than two hundred years is to recall the perfume of garden roses, or the melody of the most delicious drawing-room music. On every page of those old letters she

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has left the scent of her robes and the magic of a sweet presence. As to her genius there may be many opinions; but as to the woman, French of the French, true daughter of that delightful, bright, kind, witty, tactful, and lighthearted nation, there can be but one.

S. G. Tallentyre.

KLONDIKE—A STUDY IN BOOMS.

"It is the awful darkness there." The speaker was showing us—it was in Ottawa, in the winter of 1897—an invention of his own for thawing little bits of frozen earth in the Klondike district, whence he had come, and I had induced him to talk about the place, as well as of the mechanism by whose aid miners were to prosecute their quest of the gold there. He had not much to say, but his few words were to the point; and the picture called up was not pleasing. In spite of the glittering stories concerning Klondike, which at that time were firing our imaginations, it was not easy to be enthusiastic after hearing the story. The awful darkness of Klondike during the winter, the terrific cold, the spectre of famine which was hovering over these fastnesses—the approach thereto was as inaccessible and perilous as Siegfried's journey to Brunnhilde and her magic gold—all these things filled one with pity and wonder on behalf of the men who had taken, or proposed to take part in the "rush to Klondike." Already at that time—in the closing days of November, 1897—grim stories were current concerning the imminent danger of starvation during the ensuing winter which awaited the miners who remained in

Dawson City, and of the impossibility of their getting away at so late a period or of an adequate food supply being conveyed to them. Much anxiety was being felt in Canada and the United States, and everybody was relieved to know that the Dominion Government some two months previously had been exerting itself on behalf of the men already in Klondike, and towards dissuading new-comers from attempting to complete their journey before the spring—going so far indeed as to turn them back on the frontier unless they had a year's provisions with them. As immigrants by any of the land routes had mostly to carry all their worldly belongings on their backs, the stipulation was likely to act as an effective deterrent.

Thanks to the measures taken, the anticipated horrors of starvation in Dawson City were not realized. The population was kept within limits. Thousands who started for the Yukon in the summer of 1897 got no farther than Dyea or St. Michael's, or one of the other stations in the far North-west, whence travellers to the Yukon start on the final stage of their journey. The case of these baffled gold-seekers was not enviable. It was not only the disap-

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pointment and delay; they suffered from poverty also. A man who came from Dyea in August, 1897, reported that he had left six thousand would-be prospectors in that place, in a more or less destitute condition, and a few weeks later came another report, that crowds of prospectors, blocked up at Dyea and St. Michael's, were selling their supplies in order to get home again. Nor were those who reached Dawson City in much happier plight. In the last days of November a Reuter's telegram to New York spoke of the serious state of affairs in Dawson City, the scarcity of food having caused an epidemic of crime. Somehow that winter was weathered, and the following winter likewise; for Dawson City still stands on the banks of the Yukon river, inhabited by some thousands of men in whom the lust of gold is too potent for them to quail before the wretchedness and hardship and uncertainty of achieving the end, which are the accompaniments of life on the Klondike. But the wild boom of 1897 has subsided—at least outside the Yukon; and we now not unprofitably try to make some sort of balance sheet, and consider whether the whole business is worth the while and the cost.

Let us begin with the credit side. Until, of course, the resources of the Yukon are exhausted, it will not be possible to put the total value into figures. Undoubtedly the rocks and river-beds on the Alaskan border and for hundreds of miles around are gold-bearing. Doctor Dawson, the head of the Canadian Geological Survey, a man whose reputation is worth the higher description of fame, and who has what may be called by comparison an intimate personal acquaintance with the great unknown, and partially unknown, lands of the North-West, is decided in his opinion that much gold is spread throughout the country; but I am not aware that he has ever committed him-

self to statistical estimates. Another Canadian expert has, however, been more pronounced and definite. I refer to Mr. Ogilvie, the Canadian Government Commissioner of the Yukon. To him, indeed, the Klondike boom may almost be said to owe its existence. In a Blue-Book, which he published two years ago, as the result of his surveys in the district, the wealth of the country is painted in glowing terms. He estimated the length of the gold-bearing district at upwards of three hundred miles (exclusive of the British Columbia portion), and the width as "indefinite." Moreover, he, in common with other prospectors and geologists, testifies to the presence of other minerals besides gold. Both coal and copper are spoken of; but I imagine the world's coal supply will outlive some centuries, even of the present large output, ere it will shrink to the proportions necessary to induce coal-mining in the Klondike. Nor does it seem much more likely that within a measurable period copper will be sought in that region, despite the boom in copper-mining now under way. Klondike means just gold; and in that view only need be regarded.

To return to Mr. Ogilvie. In his Blue-Book, written at the beginning of the 1897 season, he prophesied:—"It is certain that millions will be taken out of the district this year." A few months later we find him estimating the life of Klondike as assured for a time put somewhat vaguely at from ten to twenty years, and he calculates that that period may be extended for several generations. A year later he is prophesying that "there are twenty millions in sight to-day." So much for estimates. The record of actual output is in a less exalted key. Up to 1895 the few specimens of gold extracted from Yukon river-beds are not worth mention, but in 1896 the gold returns of the Dominion take a big jump forward—from £208,420 in 1894 to £382,180, and

the increase is credited to the Yukon. In 1896 the total output of the Dominion is worth £582,040, and again the increment is placed to the account of the Yukon. These are big proportional strides; actually, in relation to the world's output, the figures are ridiculously small; for, however rich in gold the Dominion may be, her part in furnishing the world's current supply is not yet large enough to remove her from the contemptuous general category in gold statistics of "other countries," and the 1896 record of £562,040 compares with £41,713,715, the value of the world's output of the metal in that year. However, the increase, announcing, as it did, a new gold-field, and backed by the glowing report of the Canadian Government's Commissioner, sufficed to start a boom, and send northwards the crowd of professional gold-miners and the curious conglomeration of amateurs—unfortunates and adventurers—which always descend like a swarm of locusts on any tract of country about whose possession of gold rumor is busy. At the close of the 1897 season the estimates of the output were various, but evidently none of them erred on the side of narrowness. The average calculation sent from Dawson City put the value at £1,400,000—arrived at by a computation that a million pounds' worth had been sent down, and that £400,000 worth was awaiting the resumption of navigation in the spring. One enthusiast went so far as to prophesy that the "first boat down in the spring will bring at least fifteen million dollars in gold." We now find, however, that the total production of gold throughout the Dominion in 1897 only reached a value of £1,205,420; Klondike's contribution therefore must have been considerably under a million. 1898 was the crucial year; for there were then in the Klondike district many more miners than ever before,

and not improbably more than will ever be there again. The exact output is not quite certain. The New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle, in a survey of the world's production of gold last year, made in February, puts the yield of the Klondike fields at nearly £2,400,000. Up to the end of 1898, therefore, it is safe to say that Klondike has not furnished the world with more than three and three-quarter millions' worth of gold. If half the tales of Klondike's ungot gold were true there would yet remain ten times as much as that for future miners, but, as the forecasts hitherto made have on the whole been mainly distinguished by exaggeration and general lack of accuracy, it would, at a rough shot, be near enough perhaps to anticipate that the gold already extracted from Klondike represents fully a third of the total treasure.

Now for the other side of the balance-sheet. It is not easy to put down the cost of Klondike, because there are so many points in view. There is the point of view of the man who has succeeded in making his pile, and who has (unlike the two poor Scandinavian brothers who died of typhoid as they were starting home with their money) succeeded in getting away from the place with a share of the hoard. In their view, Klondike, in spite of the privations endured during their residence there, was worth the while. But there are also the varying points of view of the other men—counted in thousands—who either just cleared their expenses, or—and this is by far the greater number—left Klondike or the places as near thereto as they succeeded in reaching, without any of the gold at all, and minus most, if not all, the gold they took with them when they set out on their journey to Klondike. For all these, Klondike is synonymous with poverty and not wealth. Such men would have done as well for them-

selves, and perhaps much better, had they spent the weary time of their miserable exile at the Monte Carlo gaming tables, where they would at least have had the enjoyment of pleasant surroundings, and whence they could not have returned home more poverty-stricken than they did from the Yukon. It has already been stated in this Review, on the excellent authority of Miss Flora Shaw, that up to the 1898 season thirty thousand persons went to, or started for, Klondike, and that less than a seventh of their number got any gold out of the district at all. And it is doubtful if more than a small portion of these four thousand adventurers cleared their expenses. The other twenty-six thousand certainly did not. And it is estimated on the same authority that, in spite of the roughness and privations of their lives, the thirty thousand pilgrims paid in the aggregate at least ten millions sterling for their pilgrimage. It seems rather a poor piece of business, to put ten millions into a concern, and to get out less than four millions; for, even supposing that a lot more gold is taken out of Klondike in the future, the getting thereof will always entail great expense, so that, unless the life of the Yukon mines is very prolonged and very fruitful, it is not at all likely that the six millions of capital already sunk will, after deducting future working expenses, be returned to the world. (This is taking a general view; however great the future treasure may be, it will get into other hands than those of the unfortunates who contributed the ten millions.)

The cost of Klondike has been grotesque in its extravagance. Even the Ogilvie Blue-Book, so largely responsible for the boom, admitted that as much as £30 had been paid for a sack of flour in the district. Beef at one time was selling at five dollars a plate. A special correspondent of The Finan-

cial News who visited Dawson City during the summer of 1897 gave many suggestive hints of the way in which money was being poured out for mere poor necessities of life, with a prodigality unknown in the most luxurious city in the world. "It is not easy to get along here," he wrote, "on less than £10 a day, and many of the men spend ten times that much." Again, "If a man buys a drink he takes out a sack of gold, and the barman weighs out the price." In another passage he indicates how most of such fortunes as have been made in Klondike were scraped together. It was not by washing the frozen earth for gold dust, but by supplying food and drink to the men who were engaged in mining that the gold was garnered. "One saloon," he significantly tells us "cleaned up £3,000 in three weeks." Ubiquitous journalistic enterprise produced, in 1897, a weekly newspaper—The Klondike Morning Times. Among its advertisements was one announcing: "Lodging, one dollar; with bed, seven dollars." Could anything tell more graphically than this advertisement of the money squandered in Dawson City in procuring a necessary of life in a form which the occupant of a fourpenny doss-house in London would sniff at? Here is another fact, significant at once of the method by which money has been made in Klondike, of the way in which the miners are robbed of their terribly hard-earned gettings, and of the dismal absence of pleasure in the life there: a music-hall artist in London was offered £10,000 for a six weeks' engagement in Dawson City.

But money figures cannot measure the cost of Klondike. To this debit side of the balance you must add the sufferings and privations endured. In a letter from Dawson City in the summer of 1897 the writer reminded his correspondent that "the man who

comes up here to mine does so at the expense of health and happiness, and it is for him a question of making a fortune quickly, or chances with death." I have not been able to get any statistics of the actual death-roll of Klondike. Happily it does not appear to have been so high as might have been anticipated, notwithstanding the loss of life by wrecked steamers and canoes on the journey to Dawson City, the outbreaks of typhoid fever there—made so much more fatal by the lack of proper medical attention—and the breakdown of constitutions too frail to withstand the rigors of the life and climate; but undoubtedly many lives have been sacrificed, while the tale of the sufferings endured can never be told. In the letter from which I have just quoted, the writer further says: "There are many men who have gone and returned to Dawson after searching the great country hereabouts, and never a nugget do they show for their toil." With the most vivid imagination it is difficult to realize the mental and physical suffering endured on these unrewarded quests. Men may not have actually starved to death in the Yukon; but the agony of hunger was with many of them. The work of the pioneer is always rough; but the sufferings in Klondike have surely passed the limit even of the roughest pioneer existence. Doubtless the days of semi-starvation are over now; but however ample may be the supply of the necessaries and even of the luxuries of life in the future—if Klondike is to have a future—it can never wipe out the tortures which have been endured, and for the most part profitlessly endured. The construction of railways and roads and steamers will make the Yukon easier of access and less vilely uninhabitable than during past years; but in proportion as the place is brought within the limits of civilization, the chances of a fortune which it may offer to the indi-

vidual gold-seeker will correspondingly dwindle, and at the best the region can never become a place fit for human habitation, or one in which any white man would choose to dwell save for the purpose of accumulating a fortune quickly. The long arctic winters, dark and cruelly cold—so cold that even the power of taste is taken away—and the scarcely less disagreeable summers, made a torture by clouds of mosquitoes, must for all time make the country a place to avoid.

Economically, the cost of Klondike does not end either with the money squandered, or the sufferings endured therein. There is the loss of energy to be taken into account. What additions might not have been made to the wealth and happiness of the world if the thirty thousand adventurers—many of them hardy, active, and determined men—had had their pioneer energies directed into other channels! One need not go farther than the Canadian Dominion for illustration. Suppose that these men had stopped off in Ontario and helped to develop the lumber and pulp-wood industries of that province, or had assisted in turning it into the great manufacturing country it might be, by constructing electrical works among the rushing waters which spread a glittering mesh over the Province, their magnificent water power running to waste. Or suppose they had gone as far west as Manitoba and had settled there, on the most magnificent wheat plains in the world, tilling the rich virgin soil, and helping to build up a great agricultural country. Would not the energy thus expended have been infinitely more profitable, better for them, and better for Canada, than that wasted in the attempt to scrape gold out of the frozen north? In this view, Klondike is but one more instance of the economic waste in modern life, and makes a heavy item on the debit side of our balance sheet. The Canadian

Government, too, has lost. Notwithstanding the royalty which it collects on the gold, it has been admitted by the Government's officials themselves that "Klondike has been an expense to the Canadian Government rather than a source of profit." In the Canadian Budget for 1898-9 is an item of 398,000 dollars for governing Klondike. It is doubtful if the royalties which the Government will receive from Klondike will counterbalance this sum. And yet, in addition, we hear of projects for wasting still more of the Dominion's revenue on the construction of Yukon railways, railways which are never likely to pay the cost of construction, for they will be practically useless when Klondike becomes emptied of its gold-seekers. Further, while discussing the value of Klondike to Canada, it is worth bearing in mind that Canada gets very little enrichment out of its gold-fields. Almost all the gold extracted has been shipped to the United States. And not only has the Republic got the gold, but it has got most of that other Klondike gold besides, the gold, namely, which has been put into Klondike; for the exorbitantly profitable trade in supplying miners with their necessaries and poor luxuries has been, for the most part, in Yankee hands.

I mentioned just now that the Yukon railways will be useless when Klondike ceases to give forth its treasure. And this opens out one of the most important features in the discussion. By this time, I submit, it has been demonstrated that the debit side of the balance far out-weighs the credit side. But there is one consideration which might conceivably compensate to some considerable extent, if not altogether, the adverse balance. The exploration of gold-fields is sometimes a preliminary to the exploitation of the more golden harvest of ploughed fields. And in that view it is urged that gold-fields do ultimately pay, even though the metal ex-

tracted from them is not worth so much as the money spent in the extraction. A somewhat similar line of argument has been applied to Klondike. Miss Shaw, for instance, in a passage from her lecture to the Royal Colonial Institute, quoted in the March number of this Review, believes that the balance will be ultimately righted in the Yukon district. "I am inclined," she said, "to accept the more favorable view, and to coincide with those who believe that, as Bendigo and Bathurst were but the beginnings of the Australian development of gold, as Kimberley and the Rand have shown the way to the internal treasure houses of South Africa, so Dawson is but the threshold of new fields of wealth to be opened in the northern regions. The settlement of the Yukon district, began last year will, in my opinion, spread across the Rockies, fill the Mackenzie district, and, continuing long after we are dead and gone, will add to the present habitable territory of the Dominion two populous districts, each as large in extent as France." You will observe that Miss Shaw holds out no hope that Klondike will be the prelude to permanent agricultural and industrial settlement; and the Australian, and even the South African, analogy therefore fails, for the real economic value of the Australian gold rush lay in the circumstance that of the large number of men thereby induced to come to the country, many remained as settlers; they came to wash gold-bearing gravel, they remained to till the soil, and build up the colony. The dynamic value of Klondike, according to Miss Shaw, is confined to the prospect of more gold-fields being opened up in the Far North by men who journey to Klondike, and finding their quest there unavailing, wander forth into other regions of the same great tract of country. This is not adequate compensation. If these men are to "cross the Rockies, fill the Macken-

zie district," and spread themselves over the vast distances referred to, that will only mean that we are to have a succession of Klondikes and successive repetitions of the horrors and privations and extravagant waste of Klondike. It will not mean any gradual spread of civilized settlement. Dawson city will become again an uninhabited wilderness, and another Dawson City will be built, at the same exorbitant cost, some hundreds of miles further off, and so on, until the whole country is exhausted, or men tire of the wretched business. Gold-seeking is not colonization. And in this case it cannot lead to colonization. Here and there, I believe, in the valley of the Peace and other of the great northern rivers, agricultural settlement is possible. But that is quite another story; the great wastes of the gold area can never be cultivated. The one argument, therefore, which apologists of Klondike might bring forward to justify the economic waste involved in the gold fever fails utterly to make up the heavy adverse balance. The utmost that can be said from this point of view is that disappointed gold-hunters straggling back from the Yukon may drop off on the way, and settle down in some part or other of the Dominion. But the chances of a few scattered individuals doing this do not tell against my argument. Even if the numbers were large, the fact that they had lost their money in their gold quest would make them much less valuable factors in the development of Canada than if they had their capital intact, and had put it straightway into the farming industry.

A word now as to the actual value of Klondike's gold output, regarded as a contribution towards the world's supply. Persons talk of Klondike as if it were quite one of the most important factors in the world's gold industry. But the total output from the Yukon last year only equalled four per cent.

of the world's total output. Colorado and California each produced fully a fifth more than Klondike. Western Australia produced twice as much; Russia about two and a half times as much; while a comparison with the Rand shows Klondike in a very modest light: £15,134,115 against about £2,400,000. If Klondike, then, had not given forth one ounce of gold the world would not have been appreciably poorer.

"Appreciably poorer." This phrase begs a question which few trouble to answer. The words I used were only accurate in an elliptical interpretation, and would read in full, "the world's gold supply would not have been appreciably poorer." The world might have a great deal less gold than at present, and not be any the worse off. Gold is not in itself wealth in the best sense of the term. There are countries which possess very little gold indeed, and yet contain all the means of existence and enjoyment as prolifically as countries in which gold is plentiful. It happens that a country with a silver currency is just now inconvenienced or disadvantaged in its relation to countries which have a gold currency because silver has fallen in price, when the price is measured in gold terms, gold being the rarer metal; although, with regard to export trade, the advantage is often with the silver country. This inconvenience and these disadvantages, however, only arise in consequence of inter-communication between the various countries, and in so far as that inter-communication is of an intimate character. But all this has nothing to do with gold being wealth in a real sense. Neither gold nor silver is wealth regarded *per se*. They are the means of acquiring wealth, and that is the only use in the possession of gold.

Now, do we want a much greater supply of gold than we have at pres-

ent? In the past the possession by a nation of gold was regarded, and rightly regarded, as of prime importance, since the country which had a big supply of gold was able to trade to corresponding advantage. But the economic value of the metal is less to-day, and is daily growing less. Two factors are tending to this diminution: the credit system of Governments, seen in the issue of paper money, and the private credit system introduced by the banks. In the United States to-day how often will you handle a gold coin? You may be the richest millionaire on Fifth Avenue, and not touch a gold coin from month's end to month's end. It may be replied that the paper money which is used instead of the coin is only of value because it is represented by a corresponding, or an approximately corresponding, store of bullion in the vaults of the banks and the Government treasury; but though at the present time—a transition time—the presence of this bullion reserve makes the user of paper money feel confidence in the value of his paper, it is not an essential necessary to him. Look at the Bank of England, which normally issues notes to twice the value of the gold in its vaults; yet a bank-note is "as good as gold" in any man's view. It is as good as gold because the holder of a bank-note knows that behind the Bank of England is the Government's credit; and that is good enough for him. It is the same with the other banks of the country. They do not issue notes, but men readily deposit the major, or the whole part of their money with, banks, and feel confident in the security, although these banks keep a comparatively tiny stock of gold in their coffers. As a matter of fact, the business of a country would be impossible if it were done merely on a visible gold coin basis instead of on a credit basis. The estimates of the actual gold currency in this country vary,

but the outside calculations fix the total at one hundred and ten millions. But the credit system is extending. Nearly every one above the ranks of the working-classes has a bank account, and receives his income, and pays most of his bills, without touching a gold coin, and we may expect the system to spread still farther. All the gold that is wanted, therefore, is enough for the middle-class men to pay their wages and small bills with, and for poor people to pay their heavier bills with. And when, as is not unlikely, we come back again to paper money of small denomination—as small, perhaps, as the dollar bills of the United States—we shall need still less gold for current use, and might conceivably dispense with it altogether. All that would be then required would be a certain reserve in the hands of the State or of the Bank of England (which is almost the same thing) for emergency use. Doubtless, we shall always need to have this reserve balance at a substantial figure. But it is not needful, in order to ensure this, that there should be a much larger stock of gold in the world than there is to-day.

At present the world's store of gold is increasing at, I submit, an unnecessary rate. The value of the total output last year was estimated at £59,857,474—more than half the normal stock of gold coin in the United Kingdom. The output is constantly and largely increasing; in the quinquennial period from 1886 to 1890 the total output was valued at £113,008,820; in the period from 1891 to 1895 it was £116,983,317. In the last year of that period the figure was £40,999,778; in 1896 it was £41,713,715; in 1897 it was £48,780,511; in 1898 it was £45,857,474. The returns so far to hand from South Africa and Australia this year show a substantial advance on last year's record.

Now what are the effects of the

mounting output of the precious metal? The main effect is that it becomes proportionally less precious. That is to say, that in practice a sovereign will not command so many commodities in the market as heretofore; in other words, prices will inevitably rise. (The process is already visible, indeed, in spite of the opposite influence of labor-saving inventions.) That is in itself no particular evil, although it inflicts temporary hardships on persons of fixed incomes; but, regarded economically and generally, the matter is largely indifferent. In the past an addition to the world's gold stock has been the means of expanding trade; but there is not much ground for believing that it will have this effect in the future, for the reasons I have given when speaking of the credit system. Regarded in an economic view, I do not see how it is possible to avoid the conclusion that in relation to the real wealth of the world, the digging out of much more gold is no more productive an occupation than would be the digging of a

hole in the earth, and filling it up again, in accordance with the Frenchman's famous solution of the unemployed labor problem.

As gold gets cheaper it will of course come into more general use in the arts; that is to say, as a metal to be wrought into articles of direct use, instead of into coins. But this view of the case hardly supports the position of gold-mining as a productive industry. Gold has its uses in the arts, and is doubtless pleasant to look upon; but I doubt if nine-tenths of the pleasure which people take from having gold articles in their possession does not arise less from the beauty of the metal than from the sense of wealth implied in its possession. Too great a profusion of gold would not add either to the beauty of our surroundings or to the general comfort. The prospect of a world turned into a Midas's paradise is not sufficiently alluring for its realization to be worth the waste and the hardships of a Klondike.

Ernest T. Williams.

The National Review.

"ALL'S WELL!"

When from its mooring glides the gallant ship,
And outward bound starts on its devious way,
With lace-like pathway o'er the waters grey,
Upon the rolling waves to mount and dip,—
How sweet the words through all the perilous trip
To mark the watches, which the sailors say,
At bow and stern and midships, night and day,
"All's well! All's well!" wafted from lip to lip.
And there are many, God be praised, who speak
On life's tumultuous sea brave words of cheer,
To fortify the strong, uphold the weak,
Alike when tempests rage, when skies are clear.
Ah! happy they who undismayed may tell
The watchword sure of faith and hope—"All's well!"

C. D. W.

A ROMANCE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In summer the terrace before the House of Commons is a pleasant place. It is pleasant in the afternoon, when tea has been served on the terrace, but most pleasant of all in the evening, when it seems as though this playground of the legislature was the only cool and quiet lounge in London. That portion of the terrace that is towards Westminster Bridge, on your left hand as you look towards the shining levels of the river, is sacred to those that are members of the House. It pleads privilege, and what they may do or say there we may not conjecture. But on the right hand it is open to members and their friends—with no privileges, even of sex. This is a field where all conjecture may run riot. It is free ground to him or to her who can rate a member of the House of Commons as a friend.

The scene is an unusual one, bright and un-English. Members sit with their friends at the small tables, drinking their after-dinner coffee. These groups, to none of which the bright relief of female faces and costumes is lacking, extend to the length of ten or fifteen tables along the terrace. The tables are so far pushed back upon the wall of the buildings as to leave ample room for the promenade of those who pass to and fro, pacing the terrace, stopping from time to time to gaze over the stone parapet into the mysterious profundities of the river's dark shade, while they discuss legislative and lighter matters in a low voice. It behooves one here to lower the voice discreetly. The tables elbow each other closely, the passers-by are constant, and the light is dim, so that one scarcely sees, until too late to recall the imprudent word, who it is that

comes. Occasionally a laugh rings out, but the voices all speak in low, hushed tones.

The tables are set close together, and the passers-by are frequent, so that prudence is everywhere a necessity; but in proportion as one moves up-river, so to phrase it, in just that proportion do the passers-by, the promenaders, become less numerous, for the simple reason that this end of the terrace is a *cul-de-sac*, there is no thoroughfare, and the entry from the House is lower down, where the "free tables" most nearly approach the "reserved seats." Moreover, if by fortune one has the table furthest up-river one may gain a privacy denied to less favored tables by edging it a little further from its next down-river neighbor. And here, with ordinary circumspection and caution when any promenaders extend their walk thus far along the terrace, you may converse at your ease in ordinary tones, and dissect at your leisure your dearest foe or your sweetest friend in an atmosphere that seems especially favorable for the operation. If you prefer it, you may talk sport, or high politics, or high finance—you are at your ease.

It was here at this furthest table, discreetly edged so that no words gently spoken would carry to the table next in order, that four folks sipped their coffee on an evening of July 1898. The session was one of slight interest. The Conservative or Unionist Party—one did not know how to phrase it—had so large a majority that the Opposition could show no fight. Also in the confusion of parties and programs the Unionists had given the nation virtually all the menu that the Radicals had prepared, always excepting the joint,

the *pièce de résistance*, the Irish Home Rule Bill, which had proved so evilly done, so tough that the Radical cooks had lost their place through it, and the piece itself been given to any "poor" or "dogs" that cared to pick a meal from it. Also Mr. Gladstone was lately dead amid the profoundest sorrow of all politicians and non-politicians—dead after a retirement from public life sufficiently long to let all rancor die, and only the just appreciation of his noble and wonderful life survive. But his party was without a head and without a program or a *raison d'être*; it was as if it did not exist. Party politics, therefore, which form the most fruitful field of discussion for the professional politician, had lost their interest; and though the changes that were forward in China, in Egypt and in the general policy of the United States gave a peculiar interest to foreign affairs for the moment, the party seated at the furthest up-river table had beaten out their opinions on them thin enough for the time being, and a pause of indolence and reflection ensued, which gives an opportunity of noticing the persons by whom that party was made up. In courtesy one should first notice the only lady at the table.

Well dressed, though not in the extreme of fashion, that which was most noticeable in her appearance was the way in which her heavy dark hair was pushed back rather in the old "imperatrice" fashion, and in strong contrast with the "fringe" that is the fashion of the day. This manner of hair dressing revealed a high and intellectual forehead, with which the vivacity of the beautiful dark face perfectly agreed. So gifted, and with much ambition to be a success in her world, Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney had no difficulty in satisfying her ambition. She was of the select number of those to whom people's eyes involuntarily turn

at their entry into a room. Thoughts wander and conversation pauses, even in the midst of a sentence commenced, to give leisure for the observation of the new arrival. In the newspaper phrase, when Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney entered a room she caused a "sensation." Quick-witted, industrious enough to keep herself well posted in all topics of the day, with catholic tastes in art, literature, and music, she was a woman with whom the most distinguished specialists found it a pleasure to talk on their own hobbies, and was receptive enough to profit by all that each one told her. She had the talent of listening with that concentrated and flattering attention that gains more compliments than the most clever talking, and the useful trick of leading the talker to believe that his words held more wisdom and significance than they had seemed to possess before the appreciation of her kindly sympathy.

Opposite to her sat her husband, a Government clerk, entitled to write C. B. after his name, a useful and a discreet man, with the qualities of utility and discretion stamped upon his face, with its small beard well-trimmed, and on his clothes, irreproachable and unremarkable—a kindly man, hiding his kindness under the austerity of an official manner; one who could genuinely admire the brilliant gifts of his wife, yet not without an occasional twinkle of unsuspected humor in his eye when he detected her brilliancy covering a dangerous lacuna in her knowledge; a man whose qualities of head, as well as of heart, a brilliant wife could—and could hardly fail to—respect; which is a good deal to say.

The third member of this little party was a young man, fair to a degree of fairness that made him look even younger than his years, ridiculously young to hold, as he held, an under-secretaryship in an important department of Government. The eldest son of a

peer, and an ardent lover of field-sports, he was yet an eager student and zealous gatherer of dry facts and figures. Able and industrious, lithe and active of physique, equally at home at the covert side and in the House, he was one of those who dispose us to think that the future of the House of Lords is not, after all, to be despairs of.

Finally, there was the host—fat, with an abounding healthiness and well-being about him, florid of face, with lips and chin clean shaven, but side whiskers left in an unfashionable luxuriance that is as hopelessly unbecoming as it is professionally legal. He was a man much feared in debate—one of the great law officers of the Crown. A smiling good humor and simplicity were at the first glance the distinguishing character of this jovial face; possibly, even a stupidity might have been credited to it, but when the eyes and the square chin set themselves in a movement of concentrated attention, at that moment the whole aspect changed, and you must recognize the man at once as one no less strong in head than in heart—not impossibly a hard man. There was room for some useful machinery in that square block of a head.

Yet the strength of the man lay not so much in the quality of that brain machinery. It was not that it was more subtle or acute than the brain mechanism of other men, but it was machinery that was always ready to do its work, and to do it well—machinery that had a wonderfully good “stoking” department to keep it going in the shape of digestive organs that were always perfect. That was the secret of its wonderful usefulness as of the sanguine hue of health on the ruddy, well-rounded cheeks.

The latest development of the maze of perfidy called the Dreyfus Case has been discussed and laid aside, and in

the pause that ensued, each might be following his own train of thought or wondering whether that of another might be leading.

Then Sir David Stenning, the host, said, pointing to the moving panorama that never ceased its coming and going on Westminster Bridge: “I often wonder what those people over there think of us.”

“You mean,” said Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney interrogatively, “what they imagine we’re doing here, how they think the laws they live under get made?”

“There’s one thing,” said Lord Stanaway—who sat in the Lower House, despite his title, which was but of courtesy—“one thing they can’t make out, can’t believe hardly, that Arthur Balfour, say, and John Morley could ever speak to each other civilly when they met. They don’t understand it.”

“I have gone out to the bridge often,” Sir David Stenning resumed, “and stood there, with my arms crossed on the parapet, as if I was thinking of suicide, in order to listen to two navvies talking and discussing us. I never heard anything very interesting. The thing that surprises them most about us is that we should take all the trouble we do for nothing—without payment.”

“Do we?” Lord Stanaway cried significantly.

“Most of us do,” was the lawyer’s answer, accompanied with a cheery laugh. “The law officers of the Crown are an exception.”

“No, I didn’t mean that exactly,” Lord Stanaway said. “Partly I did, and partly I did not. Very few of us here, I expect, work absolutely for nothing. We all of us expect to get something—a *quid pro quo* out of it.”

“Oh, that is little more than to say reasonable beings do nothing without a motive.”

“Generally an obscure one, even to

themselves," Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney put in.

"Is that said in regard to our sex too, or yours only?" asked the great lawyer.

Mrs. Blakeney laughed.

"Oh, that threatens a terrible discussion," she said. "Tell me, rather, what are the motives that send men here, into Parliament?"

"They are so many."

"Classify them."

"They are so mixed—they defy classification."

"Oh, don't be troublesome. Dissolve the mixtures as well as you can. We won't be too exacting."

"Well, you know what led me here—the law."

"Not the profits?"

"No—the profits are bigger outside."

"Then why did you come?"

"Why does anybody come?"

"That's what we want you to tell us. Well, let's leave the law officers aside. Tell us about the others."

"Well, some, like Stanaway here, come from the very best of motives."

"Well! that's good hearing," Lord Stanaway said.

"It seems to me one of the best omens for the nation that the eldest sons of peers should come here to learn their business before they go to the Upper House. They come here, as far as I can see, from motives of real patriotism—ambition to be of use to the world, and ambition, too, to get on, to prove that they are worthy of their position. How does all that strike you, Stanaway?"

"You put it very nicely, I think; just as I should have put it myself," Lord Stanaway said comically.

"And the same is true not only of the peers' sons, but of the sons of the big country gentry—of any who have not something to gain in the way of position by putting M.P. after their names. The fact that the House is a

pleasant club, where interesting things now and then happen, no doubt comes into the medley of motives; but these are the classes whose motives I should think are purer than those of any other."

"Yes, go on," Mrs. Blakeney said.

"Then there are the clever young men of no particular position, who go into politics with a view of making a name—of rising."

"The young Radicals."

"Of necessity, Radicals. On the other side there are plenty of ambitious young men, equally clever, who have a certain position, certain family interest to help them. The clever young man *minus* position has no chance of success there because he has equally clever young men *plus* position to contend with. It is not a fair fight. The days of Dizzy are over. He was a clever young man without position, but he was the one and only clever young man of his party."

"Yes, all that is quite interesting. None the less interesting for being quite obvious. Go on."

"I shall soon leave off being interesting, but I dare say I shall still go on. Well, then, there is the rich man, whether lawyer who has made money out of briefs, or tradesman who has made money out of buying and selling. He goes into Parliament generally out of social ambition, to give himself a lift in society; often it is his wife that sends him there."

"I thank you on behalf of the wives," Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney said ironically.

"After all it is something of a compliment," Sir David Stenning answered. "It is generally better for the lawyer or the tradesman, or whoever it may be, that he should come here than that he should go on trading or lawyering. It makes him less *borné* at all events. If his wife induces him to do this she has given him a move on

the right lines, even if not on the highest motives. After all it is not what brings a man here that matters, it is what he does when he gets here."

"And what does he do, as a rule?"

"As a rule, of course, nothing. For the rest, what he does—oh, it would be too long a story to tell."

"Of course it would, it was a stupid question. Go on with the other story, please."

"We are getting nearly through our classes, I fancy. I think the social ambition accounts for a good half of the population of Parliament. This forms the great majority, though likely enough the majority does not recognize its motives."

"That is not to be expected."

"There is a class or two above the majority, of the purely patriotic—Stanaway, for example—and of the personally ambitious; and there is also a class or two below, such as the professional politician who can talk, is paid for his talking, generally, much to the saving of the British pocket, by America; and finally there is the lowest class of all, the submerged tenth, so to speak, the man who goes into Parliament for the advantage it will give him in business, the parliamentary guinea pig, whose name appears in the prospectuses of new companies. Lower than him I don't think we want to go. We have touched bottom."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Blakeney. "You have been interesting. I am very much obliged to you. Now John," turning to her husband, "will you kindly tell me—has he been accurate?"

Every one laughed. "Is he the arbiter?" Stanaway asked.

"Of course he is, arbiter of fact whether it is true or untrue—not arbiter of the elegances of the artistic merit of Sir David's work; that is my province."

"Well, Blakeney, do you approve of it?" Sir David Stenning asked.

"On the whole, yes—a very fairly accurate account, I should imagine."

"Thank you," said Sir David. "It is a commendation quite in the best style of the Government Civil servant."

"For my part I am quite satisfied with what you have done for my class," Lord Stanaway said.

"Of course," Sir David resumed, "there are various oddments, people who come here for reasons that are not to be classified—individual motives."

"Now what brought him here?" asked Mrs. Blakeney, as a tall man passed, quickly walking to the end of the terrace, and as quickly repassed.

"Who was it? I did not see."

"Sir Edward More."

"Edward More!" The very tone in which the great lawyer said the name betrayed a quickened interest and even affection. "Edward More. Ah, his is certainly among the unclassified cases."

Mrs. Blakeney responded with equal interest as she begged him tell them the circumstances through which this man, richly endowed by nature and fortune, had been brought into the House of Commons.

Sir Edward More was in many respects the most interesting figure in the House. Conspicuously handsome, with a tall athletic figure, and a face of almost statuesque correctness which a short golden beard perfectly set off, his physical aspect alone could not fail to win attention. The deeply set and thoughtful eyes, beneath a high forehead, relieved the charming face from the insipidity which such classically correct features sometimes can wear, and the mobility of the mouth, scarcely hidden by the moustache, indicated the intense and quick sympathy which was the keynote of his character. He had entered the House of Commons at the age of thirty odd years, after a youth spent in the lighter cares of es-

tate management, of sport, of society, and the enjoyment of every active and artistic side of life, into each and all of which he had entered with all the enthusiasm of his nature. The gracious smile and manner that made him beloved in every society from the highest to the lowest, in which he had moved, bespoke the man as the world knew him. The profound melancholy that that bright face could wear in its rare intervals of abstraction from the passing interests of the moment, into which he would throw himself with such eager sympathy, was an aspect of the man that only a few appreciated. Among these few was Sir David Stenning.

"I think I was almost the only one who remembered, when he went into Parliament, the impression that his speeches, few and far between, used to make in our Undergraduate world at the Union. Do you remember the impression made by his first speech in Parliament?"

"Yes—extraordinary."

"No one thought of him as a serious politician, and yet within a year Mr. Gladstone spoke of him as the single orator, since Bright's death, in the House."

"Mr. Gladstone added a rider to that criticism," Mr. Blakeney observed.

"I know," said Sir David Stenning, "that he was the most dangerous man in the House. It was quite true. Another wonderful thing I have heard said of him is that he is the only man in the House whose speeches could be really expected to turn a vote. I really believe it; indeed I know of cases in which his speeches did turn votes, turn convictions, turn heads, you may say."

"Then why was he dangerous?" asked Mrs. Blakeney.

"Because amongst the heads that his speeches were liable to turn you might reckon his own. I really honestly believe, so extraordinary is his eloquence,

that he has more than once got up in the House with his notions on a subject not clearly defined to himself, that he has defined them as he went along, and that they have come out at a conclusion quite opposite to what he genuinely believed to be his opinion when he started to speak, and leading to a quite different end from that which he proposed to himself when he got up. Such a man must be intensely dangerous. He is. Ministers are on tenterhooks all the while he is speaking. The power of his eloquence is enormous. It will make a cause or it will ruin it. The one thing you can be certain of is that he will not leave it where it was when he began. As a champion of a forlorn cause, leader of a forlorn hope, he is invaluable; he can save the situation, however desperate. But the cause ought to be desperate before he begins upon it, or else there is very great probability of his rendering it so."

"He has a wonderful charm," Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney observed.

"Marvellous," Sir David Stenning assented. "You would imagine that no woman could resist it."

"I am certain no woman could," she replied with conviction.

"Unfortunately—or perhaps I should rather say fortunately—one woman knew how to resist it, otherwise he would never have come here."

"And he married for pique?" asked Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney. "I never could understand what he saw in that dull little wife of his."

"It passes my understanding, also, that he should see all that he does in her. But it was not for pique that Edward More married her. It was for love."

"You are very enigmatical. Please explain."

"Yes. I will explain. The explanation is also the explanation of how Edward came to us in Parliament. It

was his wife that sent him here. Do you remember her before she was married?"

"As Miss Peters—yes. She used to live with an old mother in a little house in Brompton Square. I did not know her then, but I knew all about them."

"They were very poor—very poor indeed. How they managed to get along as well as they did was one of the many dark mysteries of the same kind. And every spare hour that the girl could snatch from morning to night, she was painting—always painting. She had a belief in herself that she could do something great. It was very pathetic."

"Really! I had no idea that she was artistic."

"I did not say she was. I said she painted. However, just at that time Edward More was taken up with an art craze—you know how he throws himself into his hobby for the moment. At that moment he was taken up with the painting craze; he can paint very passably, as he can do everything else that he tries up to a point. At that time method was his hobby. He had found a man who had Leighton's method, and was taking lessons from him. He came across Miss Peters—she too looking out for a method—and persuaded her to come to the same studio for the sake of the method. They met at the studio day after day, sat beside each other painting, comparing, inspiring each other, as he used to tell me. And the end of it was—the very opposite of all that might have been anticipated."

"How so?" Mrs. Blakeney asked.

"It was to be expected according to every law of probability, that she should fall in love with him. Instead, the diametrically opposite occurred. He fell in love with her."

"And she not with him? It is extraordinary. Was there any one else?"

"No one else, but something else—her painting. She believed in herself with a faith that he, for his sins, had assisted in confirming. Naturally, being in love with her, he too believed in her, believed that she would live to be a great artist. I do not know how long it lasted, but at first he had a profound belief in her. His humility about it all was quite touching. When he found that she could not return his love he said that it was only natural, that he could expect no more, that it would be wrong of him to expect more, that a great artist ought to devote her life to her work, and so forth."

"And he made you his confidant?" Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney asked, in a tone that was not without its significance.

"He made me his confidant," Sir David Stenning said, fully appreciating the significance. "Yes," he added, "I know exactly what you mean. You mean that you wonder that I, his confidant, should abuse his confidence, as it must seem, by revealing it; but I have a special motive in revealing it. There has been so much misunderstanding on this matter of his marriage, so much impertinent speculation and rumor that she had set a trap for him and caught him, by means of a pretended love of art and so on—that some inkling has actually come to Edward More's ears. Knowing the man, you will not wonder that it has aroused something like fury in him that his wife, the woman that he is absolutely devoted to, should be spoken of in this way. So I know that I am doing him the very kindest service possible in explaining fully the real facts."

"What seemed to give color to the rumor," Sir David Stenning went on, "was that as soon as they were married she seemed to give up all her painting. As a matter of fact she had given it up some months before, under circumstances that I will tell you in a

moment; but of course the world did not know or trouble to look into dates and circumstances, and put the worst construction on what little it did know.

"Edward More has always been a little different from the ordinary run of men, and he was different from them in his manner of falling in love. I really believe that up to this point he had never been more than very lightly attracted by any woman, though certainly many women infinitely more gifted and attractive than his wife had been attracted by him; but he had paid them only the most passing attention. Once his affection had fixed itself, however, it remained concentrated on its object with a constancy that I only wish he could bring into other affairs of life. And it did not matter a bit that the girl he had elected to fall in love with had not all these gifts and graces that many of the women who had been ready enough to fall in love with him certainly had. Edward More's rich fancy gifted her with all graces—more, doubtless, than have ever fallen to the share of any human being. He spoke of her devotion to her mother, which really was above all praise, of the cheerfulness with which she bore her poverty, of the beauty of her artist soul and so on—all the raptures. I sometimes think that it was the very fact that he who had been so successful all his life, could not succeed in inducing this not excessively interesting or talented, and practically penniless, girl to fall in love with him that drew him so strongly to her. He had been so used to getting all he wanted, almost without asking for it, that her resistance piqued him at first, and made him vow to overcome it. At length he seemed to realize that it was useless, that the girl was devoted to her art, and would never think of marrying. It was when he realized this that he became so touchingly humble

about it all, and it was just at this point in the story that he threw himself, by way of distraction, into politics, and came to us here in Parliament."

"And deserted the studio?"

"He deserted the studio. Yes. He tired of that, just as he quickly tired of everything else, except his love of the girl who is now his wife. He found he had no talent, he said—that it was she, chiefly, who proved to him that he had none. That her things were so infinitely superior to his, and so forth.

"That is how the situation stood for about a year, as far as my memory serves, and then a change came. I noticed that he spoke less confidently about her work. He admitted that she did not make the progress that he expected. And at the same time Miss Peters and her mother suffered a great misfortune. Some rascally lawyer—'rascally' is always the stock epithet to be applied to my profession," Sir David said, in parenthesis—"bolted with all the little bit of money they ever had. Literally, they might have starved. The Peters were of good family, but had practically no relations who could, or would, help them, even if they would have taken their help, for they were proud people. Edward More often complained to me that the girl would not receive the smallest present from him. And even after the loss of their little money she was no less obdurate. Edward went to the mother, and tried to make her take something, by way of a loan, from him; but even his charm and delicacy of manner could not induce her to do so. Still, it was apparent that they had to live, and there was only one means by which it seemed to them possible that they could earn any money. Miss Peters would sell her pictures.

"Hitherto, even in all their poverty, she had never cared to do this. I fancy

she thought it would be a kind of desecration of her art, and besides, she may well have doubted, for all her faith in herself, whether her pictures were good enough as yet to command any market. But when poverty was changed to dire need, the scruples went to the wall.

"She would not take Edward More's money, but was quite ready to accept his help in selling her pictures; but here again her pride stood in the way. She would not let him, who would have been her most liberal purchaser, buy a single picture. In any transaction of the kind she would have seemed to scent the charity that she was so sensitive about. He took them for her to a shop in the Brompton Road, and there for some days she had the satisfaction of seeing her work in the window. One day she looked in as she was passing, and one of the pictures was gone. She went in. It had been sold that morning to a gentleman for fifty pounds. Fifty pounds was not an immense sum in comparison with the scale of her ideas about the dignity of art and so on; but it made a great difference to the small household in Brompton Square. Moreover, it made a further difference in her life. The fact that her work had commanded a certain price in the open market gave her an added confidence in herself, as well it might, confirming her faith, which I think had really never wavered.

"But Edward More's had wavered. Once or twice he had actually said to her, 'Is it worth while? Will the success, when it comes, be really worth the effort?'

"But this was only at the beginning of his loss of faith in her genius. When the truth had really come home to him that she had but little talent, that for all her perseverance she would never become a great or famous painter, then, curiously enough I think, he was

unable to speak to her in this strain any longer.

"You see," said Sir David, "the whole story is full of interesting psychological problems and studies. This art, that the girl had devoted herself to, took the place, in some measure, of a living rival to him. When he thought that she would be a great artist he at once, with characteristic generosity, gave up the struggle, was contented to take second place—a place he never would have taken to any human rival. But directly he had convinced himself that she had no real calling towards art, then, as it seemed to me, it became impossible for him to tell her so, just as for a man of his chivalry it would have been impossible to point out to the woman he loved any imperfections that he perceived in any human rival. Do you follow that? Does it seem to you a conceivable explanation?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher Blakeney. "I believe it might be possible with your sex. With our sex, no. Ours is not the chivalrous sex, you see."

"No, but the unselfish sex," Sir David replied. "To continue. After the first sale of a picture others followed. Miss Peters's art seemed to find quite a ready public. Two pictures were bought by a gentleman at Clapham, three went down into the country, and two went to America. The small household in Brompton Square was in luxury, and Miss Peters worked harder than ever at her painting. By this time Edward More had thoroughly settled down—so far as it was in him to settle to anything—to his political and parliamentary work. He had achieved an extraordinary success, though as a "safe man" he never was and never will be regarded. But I was in hopes that he had succeeded in distracting himself. And then I found, on the contrary, that he was relapsing into his old state of unrest.

"Another psychological problem!

While he regarded art as the proper end of Miss Peters's life, he acquiesced. So soon as he perceived that her calling towards an artistic life was not justified by genius then that perception began at once to rekindle his hope. He felt that he might, without presumption, enter into rivalry. Only, as I have said, he could not tell Miss Peters of his conviction that her work was not of the promise or the fulfilment that he had once expected. His chivalry kept him silent at first, and later, when the painting began to bring in the necessary money for the small household, it would have seemed cruel as well as foolish to say that the paintings were not worth the doing.

"And how long it might have gone on thus one cannot say—perhaps until Miss Peters had grown into an old maid, so that even Edward More's rich imagination could no longer give her graces that she did not possess. The *deus ex machinâ* appeared on the scene, in the familiar guise of a d—d good-natured friend; he was a d—d impertinent friend, too. Yes, Mrs. Blakeney, it was a man—not a case of *cherchez la femme*, for this occasion—and it was a member of the House, and a great friend of Edward More's into the bargain. Edward More had a sanctum in his house—a study, which he kept peculiarly to himself. I have many times been in it, and have been afflicted, I must admit, with the sin that is supposed to be the exclusive property of your sex, curiosity, on seeing a curtain drawn close to the wall against a greater part of one side of that little sanctum. But I never had the impertinence to ask Edward More what he might have behind that curtain that I always saw so carefully drawn. He admitted very few into his study, and then only his closest friends. Among them was one, the d—d good-natured friend whom I have spoken of, who was not as discreet as I. It appears

that he took occasion when Edward More had left him alone in this room for a moment, to peep behind the curtain. It was a most unwarrantable act, and to this day Edward More, to the best of my belief, does not know for certain the name of the man who violated his trust in him so grossly. I believe he suspects it though, but he has told me—you know the quickness of his temper—that he particularly desires to be kept in ignorance, or at least uncertainty. He feels that he could hardly trust himself if he were to know.

"And what must this inspired idiot needs do, having committed this act of unpardonable prying impertinence, but say with his jauntiest air to Miss Peters, on the next occasion of his meeting her, 'I must congratulate you, Miss Peters, that your work meets with so much approval from one who is so well qualified a judge. I have surprised by accident' (I believe he had the effrontery to call it accident) 'a whole wall-full of your paintings, jealously protected from the light by a heavy curtain, in the *sanctum sanctorum* of Sir Edward More.' "

"Is it possible," Mrs. Blakeney exclaimed, "that a man could be such an ass?"

"Nothing asinine is impossible for a man," Sir David Stenning answered; "for that man particularly. And yet he really is not a bad fellow—very good-hearted, if that is any credit to him. You know him well; but never mind, I am not going to be put through my catechism as to his name."

"So then she knew, of course, that it was Sir Edward More that had bought all her pictures?"

"By proxy—yes. He was the gentleman from Clapham, he was the gentleman from the country, he was the American gentleman. The girl taxed him with it directly."

"And she married him out of gratitude?" Lord Stanaway hazarded.

"What do you say about it, Mrs. Blakeney?" Sir David Stenning asked, instead of answering. "I should like to hear a woman's opinion of what another's sentiments would be in such a case."

"I should think," she said, "that she would infallibly detest him; that she would feel that he had been the agent in her self-deception and her humiliation. I cannot believe but that that would be the effect of her discovery—certainly for a time."

"I supposed that a woman's wit would not fail in guessing another's heart. I believe that for weeks, for months, she actually loathed him. She would not see him, she sent back his letters. After a while she became able to take a juster view. I believe I may take to myself a little of the credit of leading her to it. She grew to recognize his generosity, his delicacy, and, I think, could not help being touched by his unfailing and unrequited faithfulness. Also—one does not know—human motives are very mixed, and material ones may have played their part—times were very bad at the little house in Brompton Square; the pictures still appeared in the dealer's shop in the Brompton Road; but there were no more gentlemen from Clap-

ham, or the country, or America, to make them disappear. She grew to understand the real market value of her work—practically nil—and, as the result of whatever motives, when Edward More yet again proposed, he was accepted. That is his story."

"And he is happy?"

"As happy as it is conceivable that a man can be."

"She has grown to love him?"

"I did not say so."

"Did you not imply it?"

"Not intentionally, Mrs. Blakeney. I am a bachelor, and I speak as an ignorant man of these affairs; but it seems to me that the true happiness of married life must consist rather in the loving than the being loved. In that way the lover is never lost in the husband."

"The Division bell!" cried Lord Stanaway, rising from his seat quickly, followed by Sir David Stenning.

Husband and wife were left sitting side by side together, gazing out on the darkly shining levels of the river. For a while they sat in silence, thinking over the singular story they had heard. Then the wife reached out her hand and sought her husband's under cover of the darkness.

"He speaks as an ignorant man of these affairs," she said.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The wholesale slaughter of birds for fashionable purposes still continues. The last two consignments included 8,000 birds of Paradise.—*Daily News.*

Spare us, ladies! 'tis for you
That the fowlers snare us,
That they ruthlessly pursue
With their guns and scare us.

'Tis for you that we do fly
Screaming, wounded, through the sky,
'Tis for you we drop and die—
Spare us, ladies, spare us!

Ladies, hear our widowed wail!
Be a little kinder!
Look upon the bloody trail
Fashion leaves behind her.
Look upon this slaughtered heap,
Where our hapless brothers sleep,
Look, oh ladies, look and weep,
As ye linger near them;
And these fledgelings, hear them cry
When their parents come not nigh,
Calling in their agony
Those that cannot hear them.

Birds of Paradise, forsooth!
Shame, ye mortals, shame!
Give us, an ye love the truth,
Give another name.
Spare your irony; the jest
Doth not fit you well;
Look upon this bleeding breast,
Look on this deserted nest
And call us, as befits us best,
Call us birds of Hell.

Nay, but, ladies, can it be,
You, so fair and pretty,
Are the tyrants whose decree
Means our endless misery?
That your eyes, so fair to see,
Hold no drop of pity?
Nay, we will not wrong you so;
Think upon our sorrow,
And ye surely will forego
These poor plumes ye borrow.
One brief, passing vain delight
Ye will sacrifice,
Once again in sunshine bright
Let us take our gladsome flight,
For with you it lies.
Free from fear and free from pain
Let us live and love again,
And our title still retain—
Birds of Paradise.

THE HIGHLAND CLAN SYSTEM.

One of the most curious phenomena in the history of Scotland is presented by the fact that two races of people, each possessing sharply defined characteristics, should have co-existed for centuries in that country without coalescing to any appreciable extent. In England the fusion of two races so differentiated as the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans had in course of time been accomplished gradually, but none the less surely. The distinctive characteristics of the conquerors and the conquered had become less pronounced in the process of amalgamation; racial animosities had gradually become weaker until they were finally extinguished; and thus arose from such diverse elements the united nationality which for hundreds of years has existed south of the Border. In Scotland, however, the complete blending of the two dominant races has yet to be accomplished. True it is that racial enmities are happily extinct, and that by means of education, the railway, and other levelling agencies, the intercourse between Saxon and Gael has become intimate, and is daily becoming more and more intimate. No less true is it that by the migration of Highlanders southwards, and, in a smaller degree, the migration of Lowlanders northwards, the Grampians are being gradually removed from their place as natural barriers. But the fact remains that between the Gaelic-speaking Celt of the north and the English-speaking Saxon of the south there is a gulf fixed which has not yet been completely bridged. Corresponding race barriers exist between Englishmen and Welshmen, as also between the Saxons of the north and the Celts of the south of Ireland.

Chief among the agencies which

tended to promote and accentuate the cleavage between the two races was the clan system, which was so long an active factor in the making of Highland history. The inception of the system may be traced to circumstances which had apparently no direct bearing upon it, but to which, nevertheless, the origin of the Highland clans can be attributed.

Malcolm III. of Scotland, better known as Malcolm Ceanmore, or Big-Head, brought with him from England, where for years he had resided as a fugitive, a Saxon princess as his wife. The Scottish Court language had until then been Gaelic, but the English language, introduced by the semi-Anglicised Malcolm and his Saxon wife, superseded it. This was the beginning of the line of demarcation which subsequently divided so completely the Highlanders from the Lowlanders. It was not, however, until fully two centuries later that English became the language of the Lowlanders generally. By that time Anglicising and Norman influences had thoroughly permeated the south of Scotland. Anglo-Saxon colonists from the time of David I. onwards, had found a home there, bringing with them a Teutonic language and Teutonic customs, which were alike *caviare* to the Gaels north of the Grampians. In course of time the Gaels in the south became completely absorbed by the Teutonic element, while those in the north retained their pristine purity of blood, language and customs. Thus the process of estrangement between the two sections of the Scottish people, culminating ultimately in their complete severance except in name, dates from the substitution of Saxon for Gaelic as the Court language of Scotland. But the act that more immedi-

ately led to the adoption by the Highlanders of the clan system was the removal by Malcolm Ceanmore of his Court from Scone to Dunfermline. Increased distance from the seat of power meant increased danger to life and property. The administration of the laws from Dunfermline became, in the remote Highlands, a matter of impossibility. The inevitable result was that, failing to receive adequate protection from the laws of their country, the Highlanders became a law unto themselves, revenging injuries in person, and gradually reversing the modern axiom of civilization that "the pen is mightier than the sword." From this state of anarchy arose the clan system. Gradually the people grouped themselves together for mutual protection, the division of the groups naturally resolving itself, on a territorial basis, into communities having common interests in the various districts of the Highlands.

It is a grave error to suppose that the clan system in the Highlands was merely a counterpart of the feudal system in England. True, the two systems had certain features in common, but at the root of the clan system there lay a principle which at once classified it as a plant of a different species from the other. Both systems were the outcome of an ineffective central authority. The growth of both was promoted by the first law of Nature; and the fertile soil in which both grew was watered by rivers of bloodshed. But whereas the feudal system was based upon a condition of absolute lordship on the one hand, and a condition of absolute serfdom on the other, the relations between a Highland chief and his clansmen were of an entirely different order. Originally a Highland chief did not owe his ascendancy over his dependents entirely, or even primarily, to the extent of his landed property. That qualification was of minor importance

as compared with natural qualities which were required of him. In a country where bravery was a commonplace and cowardice a crime, the possession of extraordinary courage was a *sine qua non* of chieftainship, and the possession of other natural talents was also a necessary qualification for the leadership of a clan. Once, however, a chief had, by the exercise of his talents, established his right to the position to which he had been elected, the respect and devotion of his clansmen knew no bounds. To this alone is to be attributed the great powers which were vested in the chiefs. They became leaders and judges as well as landlords, and established within the bounds of the territories which they controlled a jurisdiction which, time and again in the history of the Highlands, was sufficiently independent to set at defiance the authority of the king himself. But the supremacy thus constituted more closely resembled the power which the president of a republic exercises by the free-will of a democratic community than the sceptre which is wielded by an autocratic sovereign. The absolutism of chieftainship was, indeed, considerably modified by the necessity which existed of consulting in all matters of importance the leading members of the clan, and where differences arose between the chief and his advisers, the former consulted his own dignity and safety when he gracefully gave way. So jealously, indeed, did the clansmen maintain their right to resist any abuse by their chiefs of the authority bestowed upon them, that more than one instance is on record of the latter being deposed from their position by the will of the clan when they proved unworthy of the trust confided in them.

In course of time, however, the influence of the chiefs became increasingly great, while the independence of the clansmen gradually diminished. The

result was that while the ties of clanship still remained close in theory, the common people became in practice simply the dependants of their landlords. But, whether treated as members of one family or as tenants bound to do the laird's bidding, the people in their blind devotion never complained; their chiefs, they argued, could do no wrong.

In its ideal state, the clan system had a patriarchal basis.¹ The chief was regarded as the father of his clan, and was looked up to as such by his clansmen and namesakes. If he was feared it was the fear of reverence and not of servitude; if he was implicitly obeyed the obedience was that of a family to its head; if he judged he also advised; if he punished he also protected; if he exacted rent he also provided against want. As landlord, as leader, as judge, as adviser, as protector, his influence was paramount, and the attachment of his clansmen to his person, sealed by blood freely shed on his behalf, was a governing principle to which history offers no parallel.

The family ties which thus existed between the chief and his followers were strengthened by the self-contained nature of their lives. Each district was practically an independent State, and the instances of intermarriages with other clans were rare. Hence the members of a clan were generally blood relations, and this fact largely contributed towards the inception and the perpetuation of the inter-clan feuds which formed one of the most notable features of the system. No less did it contribute towards the feeling of self-respect which was a characteristic of every clansman, whatever his station. Pride of birth was an influence which ruled his life, and the fear of disgracing his name and his blood had a wholesome effect upon his actions. His standard of ethics was different from that of the

present day, but he lived up to his standard with all the strenuousness at his command. He counted it a meritorious act to raid the cattle of a hostile clan, and the cattle of the alien Lowlanders were considered fair spoil, as a matter of course. But within the bounds of the clan territory, the eighth commandment was rigorously observed, and the general morality was a pattern to contemporary communities.

The wealth of the clans consisted not in silver and gold, but in flocks and herds. Some of the latter were bred in districts from which they had been forcibly "lifted," but their possessors could point to the consideration that their late owners probably held four-footed property of which they also had, by similar means, forcibly deprived their original owners. And thus the practice of "cattle-purloining" among the clans was based upon a give-and-take principle, which, however, was characterized by a maximum of "taking" and a minimum of "giving." The cattle forays, or *creachs*, as they were called, were ordered by the chiefs, and were, naturally enough, regarded as a declaration of enmity against the clan thus despoiled. They were conducted with great secrecy, and bloodshed was, if possible, avoided. When, however, as was frequently the case, these predatory incursions were accompanied by loss of life, the feud became interminable until ample vengeance had been taken. Revenge was inculcated as a duty, the neglect of which was accounted a disgrace to the living and a disonor to the dead.

But cattle-raiding was not the only, or indeed the primary, cause of the feuds which for centuries made the Highlands the seat of internecine warfare between the clans. The most tri-

¹ It is probable that the patriarchal element lay at the root of the system of government which prevailed in the Highlands from the earliest times.

fling incidents generally operated in the same direction. An insult, sometimes a fancied insult, was sufficient to set the heather on fire. Nothing more clearly exemplifies the relationship which existed between the chief and his clansmen than the fact that the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to a clan was to speak in disrespectful terms of its chief. That insult could only be wiped out in blood, and as a rule no time was lost in so expunging it. It sometimes happened that a clan smarting under an affront was numerically too weak to take its revenge in the only way which was open to it. It bided its time, however, and sooner or later tasted the sweets of revenge. The clans had long memories for injuries sustained, and the germ of implacable hatred was often transmitted from father to son, growing in intensity, until finally extinguished in propitiatory blood.

The succession to the chiefship was determined by the law of tanistry, which placed a brother a degree nearer than a son; while the law of gavel, providing for the distribution in certain proportions of the clan's property among the various male members of the chief's family, regulated the succession to the land. These laws of succession were best suited to the clan system, which was upon a military basis. Military ranks were strictly defined under the system. Next to the chief, who was the principal commander, came the oldest cadet of his family, who commanded the post of honor, the right wing, while the youngest cadet commanded the rear. An office of peculiar honor was that of standard-bearer. This office was hereditary, and a small salary was attached to it.

The importance of a chief was gauged by the numerical strength of his adherents, and by the lavishness of his hospitality. Hospitality was in

those days counted a duty of primary importance, and traces of its influence are apparent at the present day in the Highlands. Every member of the clan was made welcome on festive occasions. He claimed and received at the hands of his chief a courteous reception, which made him respect himself more, while he reverenced his chief none the less.

The "fiery cross" of the clans consisted of two pieces of wood shaped like a cross. One end of the horizontal portion was set alight, and a piece of cloth stained with blood was hung from the other end. Two men, each bearing a cross, were sent by the chief in different directions, and, as they ran with all the speed of fleet-footed mountaineers, they kept shouting the war cry, or *slogan*, of the clan. The cross was delivered from hand to hand, and so it was passed on, those who had already been summoned assembling meanwhile at the *rendez-vous* of the clan. By means of this system of human telegraphy, the gathering of a clan was accomplished in a few hours. It was only in cases of emergency that use was made of the fiery cross, but, as these were of frequent occurrence, owing to the constant incursions of their foes, the clansmen had sufficient opportunities of acquiring expertness in passing on the *taric*, and celerity in obeying its call.

The original system of land tenure was a curious exemplification of the clan system. Theoretically, the chiefs held the land from their overlords or from the reigning monarch, but in practice it was the property of the clan, vested in the person of the chief, and the rents which were paid, principally in service and in kind (a small proportion only being in money), were regarded not in the light of payment for the use of the land, but as contributions for the maintenance of the dignity and comfort of their lead-

ers, tributes of affection and reverence from the family to its head. The chieftains and the duinewassels (who were afterwards called tacksmen) held land under their relative the chief—at a nominal rent as a rule—and they in turn sub-let to tenants, the latter again sub-letting to the cottars. The great *desideratum* of the chiefs was to have as many fighting men as possible available for their services at a moment's notice, and, as the tenure of land carried with it compulsion for military service, a system of subdivision of the land into small lots was introduced, which was subsequently a fruitful source of congestion and want.

Culloden was a staggering blow to the clan system. The Acts which were

passed in 1746-7 providing for the disarming of the Highlanders, the prohibition of the Highland dress, and, most important of all, the abolition of the hereditary jurisdiction were the finishing blows. By these Acts the spirit of the people and the power of the chiefs alike were broken.

But the death of the clan system has proved the birth of a new era for the fighting Highlanders. The proscribed tartan has since those days fluttered in the van of many a British army in the hour of victory; for in the interval which has elapsed between Culloden and Omdurman, the prowess of the mountaineers has been diverted into channels of marked usefulness to their country and immortal honor to themselves.

W. C. Mackenzie.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

SONG OF SUMMER.

Summer cometh,
Wild bee hummeth,
In the sedge the kingcup blows;
Gorse and brier
Break to fire
'Mld the woodbine and the rose.

Where the larches
Build green arches
Coos the ring-dove, caws the rook;
Mimic laughter
Follows after
From the streamlet's sheltered nook.

Summer passes
Lads and lasses!
Hand in hand we'll jog along;
Love comes sweetly,
Love goes fleetly,
Through the pauses of our song.

At the Athenaeum.

Blanche Lindsay.

THE APPROACH OF THE PLAGUE.

It would be foolish and dangerous to state deliberately that the Western world is threatened by a fresh visitation of the scourge which in early centuries repeatedly reached it. On the other hand, it is raging in the East, and there is reason to fear that it is gathering in force; it has appeared in Alexandria, which is now only a week's journey from England, and the mediæval plague is quite capable of taking advantage of the modern conveniences of rapid travel. It is well that we should consider our liability to invasion in no spirit of panic, but with a prudent foresight. The plague is an acute infective fever; its primary cause is a living organism, a minute microscopical being which, having gained entrance to the body, multiplies with great rapidity, producing a series of local disturbances giving rise to a series of characteristic symptoms, and diffusing throughout the body a subtle poison which is generally the cause of death. In some cases the local lesions may actually cause death, as in the case of diphtheria the morbid accumulations in the throat may physically strangle the patient, but, as in diphtheria, it is the diffused poison acting differently in different individuals which is the factor of real danger. Our modern physicians are not much better equipped for the treatment of the disease than were their mediæval predecessors. Inoculation, although its results are extremely important and promising, is a prophylactic rather than a treatment, a wall against the enemy rather than a weapon with which to meet it. There are of course great advances in the general treatment of the cases; there is a much greater certainty of diagnosis; there is the antiseptic treatment of the

sores; there is a much better knowledge of what fever is and how a patient may be helped to resist it, and there is a complete rejection of a large number of positively or negatively injurious nostrums. There is an enormously larger body of doctors, nurses, and hospital attendants with a precise knowledge of the modes in which the danger of infection may be reduced to a minimum and with a discipline that would stand the shock of an extremely serious epidemic. The efforts of those who, by profession or from devotion, would give themselves up to the fight against the disease would now be directed to the best purpose, and it is not conceivable that there would ever again be a recurrence of the horrors which attended former epidemics. But medical science has not yet discovered a specific against plague, and should an epidemic come the mortality might still be appalling.

In order to understand how an invasion might come about it is necessary to consider the habits of the seeds of the disease. Microbes are living organisms, and, like all living organisms except green plants, are capable of living and multiplying only while they have access to supplies of organic nourishment. Fortunately for man most microbes are incapable of living within his body, and obtain their food from vegetable or animal organic matter in the soil or in water. Probably all microbes were originally of this harmless disposition, but certain of them acquired the habit of living and multiplying in man when they accidentally reached his body. Many such are now normal inhabitants of the human body and are either quite harmless or may even play a useful

part in the chemical changes associated with digestion of food. Others again attack various organs of the body and diffuse through it harmful substances, and it is these which are the seeds of disease. In the extreme case such microbes, whether or no they cause disease, may have lost their primeval power of living in water or in soil and require as the condition of maintaining existence continual propagation from body to body. The microbe of plague is capable of passing directly from body to body or of remaining alive and probably multiplying outside the body. Thus there are two ways in which it may travel; it may creep from patient to patient in a direct chain, or it may use places where suitable decaying substances are to be found as temporary links in the chain.

There seems to be good evidence that the latter fashion was that in which the historical marches of the plague took place. No doubt the bodies of patients suffering from disease had a share in the process of dissemination, but the general course was from house to house, slowly down one side of a street, round a corner and along other streets, association between the disease and particular houses or localities being very strongly marked. There can be little doubt but that organic filth collected in ditches and cesspools and in badly drained subsoil provided the resting and breeding places of the microbe outside the human body. We find in the days of modern sanitary reform a considerable difficulty in realizing the vast opportunities given to filth-living microbes in older London. The personal habits of most of the population were not cleanly; the water supply and the drainage were extremely defective. Great houses had cesspools of immemorial antiquity underneath them; the Thames was lined by public la-

trines, and the Walbrook, the record of which in plague statistics is notorious, was similarly provided. It was little wonder that as soon as the plague got to London it established itself until practically only those who were naturally little susceptible to the disease were left. Just as the plague spread from house to house rather than from person to person, it became associated with particular ships rather than with the crews or passengers, and we are better able to judge of the insanitary conditions of the ships of the seventeenth and earlier centuries from what it is still possible to see on smaller merchantmen and tramp-steamer. If the danger of invasion come nearer, it will be important that the sanitary authorities of the ports pay at least as much attention to the cleansing and inspection of infected ships as to the quarantine of passengers. It is clear, however, that the dangers of the plague obtaining a foothold have been lessened enormously, and that the greatest prophylactic against it is a still stricter inspection and regulation of the drainage and sanitary arrangements, particularly in workshops and crowded quarters.

The modern facilities for rapid travel are so great and so enormously used that probably it would now be much more easy for plague to enter the country directly by means of infected human beings. The cumbrous old methods of quarantine are impossible without a dislocation of trade and public convenience that almost no danger of invasion would justify. Fortunately, from what has been said already, it will be seen that the danger from a few intruding cases is now much less, as our big towns are no longer filled with natural culture beds for the microbes. If the danger become greater, it will probably be found sufficient to examine passengers and crew on arrival in all cases where there is like-

ly to be special chance of the entrance of the disease, and to make the persons report themselves to the local authorities on arrival at their ultimate destination. Apart from that, the ordinary regulations for the manage-

ment of infectious diseases, put in practice with an unusual vigilance, will probably be ample to deal with a visitation of plague should such unfortunately occur.

The Saturday Review.

THE GOVERNESS IN FICTION.

The governess is, or was, well-known to fiction. Once a prominent figure in literature, she is now, perhaps, mainly the invaluable puppet of the penny or threepenny novelette.

Among these older and more imperishable heroines we recall a few: the sweet Miss Raby of "Dr. Birch and His Young Friends;" Becky Sharp; the audacious, vivacious, melodramatic Miss Gwilt of "Armadale;" the pathetic Catherine George of "The Village on the Cliff;" Jane Eyre, and Lucy Snowe. All of the same period this little company, but what an assortment of character they present! Miss Raby is but a sketch, yet one from the pen of a master. A chance allusion, a short parenthesis, suffices to make definite that delicate outline, but from these we feel the pleasant glow of "the little schoolroom," wherein she sits! "She keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, superintends the linen, and sews on the general shirt-buttons. Think of having such a woman at home to sew on one's shirt-buttons!" Happy "old pupil" to whom such happiness befell.

Of another complexion is the sensational Miss Gwilt, with her "mocking laugh," her "symmetrical limbs," her "merciless tyranny" of voice and eye, a private in that regiment of governess-adventuresses of whom the immortal Becky is the chief. The resem-

blance between them is but a superficial one, their talents were of the same order; the difference between them, both of one calling, both bold sinners as they be, is the difference between humanity and waxwork, between a figure in the National Gallery of Portraiture and an effigy in Madame Tussaud's.

Catherine George, the poor little twenty-year-old governess of "The Village on the Cliff," has nothing in common with these arch schemers; she is a dreamer, a hungry child, who has "not yet outgrown the golden age when all things call and beckon, and the apples and the loaves and the cakes cry, 'Come, eat us! Come eat us!' and the children wandering in fairyland reply, 'we come, we come!'"

Fairyland was not to be her heritage: the cakes and apples were for other mouths; the time came when dreams had nothing to say to her; when her young life, "part worried, part puzzled, part sad and part happy too," missed the scant measure of its happiness, and a mistaken marriage turned her gaze from visions to the cheerless maxim, "Ce qui cout le plus pour plaisir, c'est de cacher que l'on s'ennuie." She moves through a world of bright colors and snatches of music and patches of sunlight and still shadows, real yet dreamlike—a world to which her creator only can

admit us. For Miss Thackeray has lent to none her golden key.

The picture of little Catherine George contrasts oddly with her father's imposing portrait of "Rebecca, Lady Cranley," and beside them, in this gallery of governesses, hangs "Jane Eyre." While "Vanity Fair" was born a classic, the legitimacy of "Jane Eyre's" claim to that title was to be proven. Born before its time, it had yet to win the sanction of society, which proves often to the foundling, like hope, "a timid friend." It is instructive to remember nowadays, when nothing, it seems, is unpermissible to youth, that to the young person of that period "Jane Eyre" was a forbidden book; we doubt, however, if it was a closed one. We suspect that many a young mentor, while zealously withholding from her pupils that too unfettered, too fervid romance, pored over it in secret, burning her candle low over its pages, weaving from them dreams that were to be the realities of the magic future—that dim, yet brilliant, and all-possible future, the saddest and the happiest fallacy of youth. How many Rochesters loomed there, as unsubstantial as that sorry hero himself, hidden only by the veil of the prosaic present, waiting to storm the easy fortress of their hearts!

"Jane Eyre" was a revelation, but "Villette" was yet to come, and it is to "Villette" we turn for that unique presentation of the governess in literature—Lucy Snowe. It was probably the accident of the author's own experience that determined the setting of that incomparable story; but artistically no finer or fitter environment could have been chosen for Lucy Snowe: the frame was created for the picture by the stroke of genius, or the stroke of fate. In most of those dramas in which the governess plays the rôle of leading lady, we look for her, by the exercise of her own ingenuity

or the advent of the inevitable Prince Charming, to be delivered from her bondage in the author's own good time. But "Villette" was conceived in sterner spirit, its heroine was drawn by a stronger hand. It is in the *carré*, to the sound of the school-bell, amid all the paraphernalia of the pension in the Rue Fossette, that the drama of that strange creature of ice and fire is played out. It is in the intolerable desolation of that "long vacation" that her inflexible spirit falls upon despair. And with the fruition of hope (how characteristic it is of Charlotte Brontë to have it so!) there is to be no putting away of tasks, no cessation of labor; it is the old atmosphere of friction and of effort, which the aroma of love is to sweeten and rarefy. In yet another sense, Lucy Snowe remains above the governess of fiction, if we view her through the penetrative eyes of Madame Beck. It was from no emotional point of view that that astute lady regarded her "English teacher;" from a professional one she apprehended that she had landed a fine fish. The English teacher was almost an ideal teacher. She would perform her duties without surveillance and with discrimination, she would endure any discipline, she would exhibit a cynical impartiality and command where she could not persuade; if she lacked sympathy, she possessed that saving grace of a humorous perception, a perception with which her race is but meagrely endowed. Her skirmishes with that exasperating butterfly Ginevra Fanshawe are, after their manner, as unique as the communings of her repressed and impassioned spirit with its fate.

Happy the critic when "Villette" was young! It will not grow old, but it has passed beyond praise and analysis to the immunity of fame.

Whether the governess is in reality as interesting a figure as she appears in imagination is a question not to be

disposed of here. If we are inclined to label her rather a prosaic than romantic personage, she may point with a protesting finger to the precious volumes on our shelves, and call great names to witness that she has not been found unworthy of regard.

But her proof lies mainly in the past. She survives still in the literature of the school library, a personification of all the milder virtues, clothed in the seductive but unserviceable "plain white gown, with a bunch of roses in her belt," and with the aid of these habiliments she still contrives to satisfy the requirements of the more unsophisticated among her public.

The Academy.

But "these be toys," as Bacon saith.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame, in his "Golden Age," in the few pages headed "Exit Tyrannus," has portrayed in his own delicate fashion the mixture of regret and bravado with which his children watch their governess depart. And it is chiefly in such slight sketches that for us our governess reappears. In fact, perhaps she has been our tyrant; in fancy assuredly she has been our friend. Is she in both, in life as in literature, becoming obsolete with the three-volume novel? If so be, so be it.

M.

THE BAROMETER OF FAME:
OR, READINGS FROM ANY AUTHOR'S ANEROID.

Letter No. 1.—Glass Rising Steadily.

Dear Mr. Rockett,—I wish I could tell you how very proud I feel that you should have sent me your lovely novel, "Excelsior." I have heard such praises of it and was so longing to get it, but little imagined that I should ever possess a copy presented by the author! I devoured it at once and was thrilled and fascinated to the last degree. There are so many things I should like to say to you about it but can't write. I wish you would come to tea to-morrow and let me thank you in person. I shall be in about five, and so delighted to see you if you can spare time to look in. *Do come!*

Yours sincerely,
Mercuria Silverquick.

Letter No. 2.—Set Fair.

My dear Mr. Rockett,—How kind of you! I couldn't sleep last night till I

had finished "A Trail of Fire." It is really too entralling. I simply can't get it out of my thoughts. It must be delightful to be able to write such splendid books. Everybody is saying it is even better than "Excelsior." Will you dine with us quietly on Thursday fortnight at eight? Quite a small party—only the Fitz-Stiltons and the Norman-Conklings, who are dying to make your acquaintance. Please don't have an engagement. With many, many thanks and warmest congratulations,

Yours very sincerely,
Mercuria Silverquick.

Letter No. 3.—Unsettled.

My dear Mr. Rockett,—I wish I knew how to thank you for your delightful present of "Crepitations." I haven't dared to begin it yet, because I have such quantities of things to do, and I know that if I once open it, I shall be

unable to put it down till I have finished it. So I shall wait until I have a nice quiet time and can do it justice. With best thanks and all good wishes for its success, believe me,

Yours always most sincerely.

Mercuria Silverquick.

Letter No. 4.—Change.

Dear Mr. Rockett,—I have been so frightfully busy that I have really been unable till now to write and acknowledge your kind present of your latest story, "Purple Stars." One seems to have so little time for serious reading, but I hope to snatch a spare half hour now and then. What is so nice about your books is that one can take them up and put them down at any moment and feel thoroughly rested. Have you read "Catherine's Wheel?" It is far the most brilliant novel I have come across for ages, and really well-written. Everybody raves about it. I wonder what you think of it?

Yours most sincerely,

M. Silverquick.

Punch.

Letter No. 5.—Glass Falling.

Dear Mr. Rockett,—Thanks so much for sending me "Ending in Smoke." You know how interested I am in all your writings. I shall look forward to perusing your latest. I have been meaning to write to you for ever so long—but something has always turned up to prevent me, and I never seem to hear of you now. What a pleasant change in the weather after all that heat! Now I must stop, as I am just off to lunch at the Berkeley to meet that delightful Mr. Flashlight, the author of "Roman Candles," which is making such a tremendous sensation. Have you heard of it, and isn't it wonderful?

Yours always,

M. S.

Letter No. 6.—Much Rain.

Dear Mr. Rockett,—Did I write to thank you for "The Fall of a Stick"—or didn't I? It's so long ago, and I have had such heaps to do that I really forget. I am very glad to possess the book. How nicely it is got up!

Yours in haste,

M. S.

SOME CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Scattered up and down throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles are any number of queer, quaint and curious ecclesiastical edifices. Time and the destroying hand of man seem to have dealt gently with the churches, and the consequence of this is that oddities of construction, and relics to which legends are attached, have remained untouched to the present time, when they are at once the wonder and admiration of the tourist and traveller.

Curiosities of construction naturally

bulk largely in any description of quaint churches. The old builders had to cope with difficulties and local exigencies of which we know nothing, and consequently some of their products were decidedly strange. Thus the church of Walberswick, in East Suffolk, is remarkable for the fact that it actually stands inside an older and larger edifice. Walberswick was formerly a prosperous hamlet, but during the latter half of the seventeenth century it became so impoverished by rea-

son of the rapid diminution of its population that the poor parishioners found themselves totally unable to undertake the repair of their church, then fast tumbling to ruin. Necessity is the mother of invention, and in the midst of their dilemma some local Solomon proposed that the size of the church be reduced. The proposal was greeted with unanimous approval; the chancel and nave were unroofed, the north aisle was demolished, and the sale of four bells and the superfluous stonework produced enough money to convert the south aisle into a small but comfortable church, which to this day stands snugly ensconced amidst the ruins of its parent fane. Another "church within a church" may be seen at Covehithe, a little fishing village some four miles north of Southwold. This, also, is completely surrounded by the ivy-clad ruins of its former greatness.

The tiny church at Hazeleigh, in Essex, has been called "the meanest church in Essex." Although outwardly of solid and substantial construction, it is in reality built of lath and plaster. The pen pews which form the entire seating accommodation, are tilted into a variety of undignified attitudes by the subsidence of the floor, and the sounding-board hangs at a dangerous angle to the pulpit. Altogether this strange specimen of pinchbeck church architecture is probably unique—at any rate in this country.

Hackford, in Norfolk, boasts two churches in one churchyard, both regularly used for Divine worship. Each church has its own minister, and the congregation in one building can hear the organ pealing in the other. There are several other examples of twin churches extant, but the writer does not know of another instance in which the buildings are regularly used.

At Warmsworth, about three miles from Doncaster, there is a church

tower which is actually situated three-quarters of a mile from the church to which it belongs. This curious fact once enabled a Yorkshireman to score heavily off a verger of St. Paul's, who rightly considered his beloved cathedral to be one of the largest churches in the kingdom. The Yorkshireman, having heard all that the garrulous verger had got to say, paralyzed that worthy official by calmly telling him that there was a church at Doncaster which was sixty feet longer from one end to the other than the great cathedral! The verger, having recovered from his temporary stupefaction, became sceptical, and paid a flying visit to Warmsworth to see this wonderful edifice. When he beheld the distance between the church and its tower he candidly confessed himself beaten, and returned to London a wiser man.

Round-towered churches are common enough in this country, but All Saints', Maldon, is probably the only church which can boast of a three-sided tower. This curious structure is capped by a hexagonal spire. The tower protrudes into the nave of the church, and tends to spoil the beauty of the interior, although, of course, the parishioners are quite content to put up with the eyesore on account of the unique construction of their tower.

In former times chapels were frequently built on bridges at the entrance to towns and villages, but the custom has long since fallen into disuse, and very few examples remain. One of the best now existing may be seen at Rotherham, on the bridge crossing the Don. This was built in 1483, and it has had numerous vicissitudes during the stormy years which have passed over it since that time. After long use as a church, it became a town gaol, and is now used as a dwelling-house and a tobacconist's shop.

There are only four round churches in England, of which Northampton pos-

sesses one, Little Maplestead, Essex, another; the Temple Church, London, is the third, and Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge, the fourth. This last is generally considered to be the most perfect of the quartet. It was consecrated in 1101, and was afterwards used by the Knights Templars until their dissolution. Then it passed into the hands of the Bishops of Ely, who still look after its interests. It is one of the purest examples of Norman architecture to be found in this country.

Bedfont Church, Middlesex, is not remarkable in itself, but its churchyard contains a couple of trees which have made the place famous. These trees are venerable elms, and they have been trimmed to represent gigantic peacocks. They bear upon them the date 1704, and the initials of the churchwardens who held office when the birds were first created in the dense foliage. The trees are carefully tended, and are objects of much wonder and speculation to passers-by. Local tradition says that they had their origin in a desire to cast ridicule upon two handsome but exceedingly proud and haughty ladies who lived in the neighborhood. A gentleman proposed to

both in turn, but was rejected with contempt. Smarting under the rebuff, he resolved to be revenged, and accordingly he hit upon the idea of the trees, as the ladies were "as proud as peacocks." The tradition furthermore asserts that his revenge was ample, for the haughty beauties, unable to face the ridicule which was cast upon them, left the neighborhood and hid themselves from the world.

A church with a right of way through its tower is surely a most curious thing. This is to be found in the quaint old city of Chester, the church being St. Michael's, in Bridge Street. Through the tower of this church there is a public right of way through which hundreds of people pass every day. When the church was built, many years ago, all the available land was used for the body of the building, and when the tower came to be constructed it was evident that the roadway would have to be encroached on. An opening was therefore made in the base of the tower, so that people could pass through it, and everybody was satisfied. This is believed to be the only instance of the kind in Great Britain.

Household Words.

AT A DOG'S GRAVE.

To die a dog's death once was held for shame.
Not all men so beloved and mourned shall lie
As many of these, whose time untimely came
To die.

His years were full; his years were joyous; why
Must love be sorrow, when his gracious name
Recalls his lovely life of limb and eye?

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

Algernon C. Swinburne.

